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FROM A BOOK FUND COMMEMORATING
RUTH GERALDINE ASHEN
CLASS OF 1931

It's a sad thing
when a man is to be so soon forgotten
And the shining in his soul
gone from the earth
With no thing remaining;

And it's a sad thing
when a man shall die
And forget love
which is the shiningness of life;

But it's a sadder thing
that a man shall forget love
And he not dead but walking in the field
of a May morning
And listening to the voice of the thrush.

—R.G.A., in *A Yearbook of Stanford Writing*, 1931

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Yours Faithfully
Thos Burns

CHIMES FROM NATURE:

BY

THOMAS BURNS,

SCHOOL BOARD OFFICER,

WITH INTRODUCTION,

BY THE

REV. JAMES GRAHAM POTTER,

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

ANS2819

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. M. CARR, 21, LOW FRIAR STREET.

1887.

TO

WATSON ASKEW, Esq., J.P.,

PALLINSBURN,

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME,

A SINCERE, AND AFFECTIONATE,

BUT UNWORTHY RECOGNITION

OF THE GENEROSITY, KINDLINESS, AND CHARITY OF HEART,

DISPLAYED IN THE LIFE OF

THE MAN,

WHICH THE PUBLIC HAVE LONG ADMIRED,

AND UNIVERSALLY ESTEEMED.

THOMAS BURNS.

November, 1887.

Introduction to the First Edition.

It affords me great pleasure to comply with the earnest request of the author of the following selections of his poetry to introduce the volume to the public, with a few introductory remarks. Lengthened and intimate friendship between us might, by many persons, be deemed a sufficient motive to bespeak for him a considerate attention and respect, but, in such an important undertaking, other and weightier reasons have had influence with me.

Few persons can understand and appreciate the circumstances of Mr. Burns's bygone life without being constrained to acknowledge the amazing industry, and singular self-application, which must have characterised his efforts, in order to produce a volume, every section of which is calculated to teach a lesson of moral purity, practical benevolence, or sincere affection. His love of nature is conspicuously exhibited in every page. Mountain and meadow, tree and flower, the heavens above and the earth beneath, sea and shore, stately man and winsome woman, love and hatred, fair-play and foul, incidents recorded in Holy Scripture, in history, and in daily life amongst ourselves, have all been laid under contribution to furnish him with themes for his Muse. Amid such a great variety of subjects as the volume contains, some, no doubt, will be esteemed more interesting and more ably executed than others; but, the candid reader will, throughout, discern striking features of care, taste, and powers of observation and reflection of a markedly individual type.

The social circle in which Mr. Burns was born and bred rendered his life, in its earlier stages, peculiarly trying and severe. Till twenty-seven years of age, his life was spent in the hard and ceaseless toils of husbandry amid the northern

villages of Northumberland. He enjoyed only for a few months the benefits of a school education. All he knew, in this respect, was taught him by his worthy and pious mother, and the range of her literary culture was confined within the boards of her Bible—after all, the best and purest manual of the English language in the land.

A great and manifest change, amounting to a thorough mental and religious resurrection, came over Mr. BURNS when about twenty years of age. He then awakened to an earnest sense of his manifold deficiencies. He became sensible of the utterly neglected and uncultivated state of his intellectual faculties. He felt that he knew nothing, and had learned nothing, but implicit obedience to the calls of routine, drudgery, and bondage. The simplest elements of education, except reading, were entirely beyond the boundaries of his acquired knowledge. But, no sooner was he impressed with the conviction of his deplorable condition, than he set himself manfully to rectify the evil. Without teacher, or any assistance whatever, he applied himself to the study of arithmetic, writing, grammar, phonography, and composition; and, whilst thus engaged in his searching after all knowledge, he abandoned the plough, and joined the police force of Newcastle. Shortly after the institution of our School Board, he was appointed one of its officers, the duties of which situation he at present discharges.

The critical reader of this volume will, doubtless, come across lines, here and there, which, with a little more cultured taste and painstaking assiduity, would have been rendered more rhythmical, smooth, and sweet in their recital. With all their original sins upon their heads, however, a very large proportion of the pieces have already appeared in the Hawick, Langholm, Kelso, and other provincial newspapers and magazines, which testifies, in a measure, to their acknowledged merit and excellence.

To Mr. BURNS's friends and admirers the contents of this volume will be recognised as worthy of his head and heart.

But they will only regard it as an earnest of something more substantial and finished, which, they believe, his sterling abilities are quite competent to produce at no greatly distant day.

We are pleased to testify to the fact that our most sanguine expectations, at the issue of the first series, have been fully realized in the selections now offered to the public, and anticipate for this volume a cordial welcome in many quarters of our country-side, and beyond it; and trust that many hearts will be supported, guided, and encouraged by the high-toned sentiments of the upright, amiable, and warm-hearted author.

JAMES GRAHAM POTTER.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Supplemental Introduction.

By THE AUTHOR.

THE author feels keenly his responsibility in placing the creations of his fancy before the eye of the intellectual world, but, whether he has done right, the public must judge. However little the reader may see in the following productions to merit his approbation, we sincerely hope he will not find much to condemn. The intention, throughout, has been good.

Nature has been to the author a volume full of ineffable benignity, and he humbly claims to have recognized, though faintly, how wonderful and diversified are its illustrated pages. Formed, as they are, of wood and mountain, lake and river, vernal sky and summer verdure, virgin morning, meridian noon, dewy eve, and sable mantled night, spangled with its silent pageantry of moon and stars, the singing of birds in the groves, the merry music of the streams, the profusion of flowers adorning hill and dale, the solemn sigh of the winds wafting sweet perfume over the altar of the universe, harmonizing, as they do, to minister to the finer instincts of our natural senses, places the intellect in the most favourable conditions to grope its way into the highest spiritual verities.

Impressed and actuated by such influences, we have often experienced an expansion of thought, both extensive in its grasp, and varied in its beneficence. Under the charm of these impulses, we have felt our better nature throb with love, tenderness, and gratitude, until it exhausted itself in a tributary torrent of song; and, though it may be vain for the author to indulge even the faintest hope, that such productions as the following pages present, can ever move

the great high-strung heart of the intellectual world, yet he consoles himself with the fact that they have already added to him their quota of refining pleasure, in occupying, as they have done, many a happily-spent hour.

A great source of encouragement has also been derived from the kind support received, both from local and provincial editors of newspapers, who have courteously opened their columns to give expression of their approval of these humble efforts, for which he begs to return them his most sincere thanks.

THOMAS BURNS.

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CHIMES FROM NATURE.

To the Author.

Dear Sir, your sonnets shall live for ever.
The language used in the structure of them
Is, to say the least, most magnificent.
They are gems of poetical ideas.
The reader is crushed 'neath an avalanche
Of resistless beauty, that sweeps the soul
To the pinnacle of sublimity.
The base sounds of a wicked world are drowned
In thy glorious Niagara of song.
Thy Muse can explore the regions of space,
And ride on the wings of the hurricane.
With an eagle eye she has soared into
The very innermost heaven of thought, and
Culled the choicest dainties of knowledge. She
Has paid an exploring visit to the
Fountain of inspiration, and bottomed
The science of rhyming navigation.
She has crowned the summits of eloquence
In princely grandeur and splendour gorgeous,
With extraordinary versatility.
Long, oh! long, may she flourish in glory,
Abounding in majesty, wisdom, and
Truth, till thy name, like thy illustrious
Kinsman, be placed in the archives of fame.
Sing on, then, oh! sing on, till the four winds
Of heaven scatter abroad thy poems,
And make them the delight and praise of men.

D. W. P.

The Banks of Till.

Oh! graceful Till, meandering tide,
Of Millfield's fruitful plain the pride,
How oft I've wander'd by thy side
In flowery spring.
There first my Muse, her numbers plied,
And learn'd to sing.

My youthful pulse was beating strong,
The fibres of my heart among,
For laughing joys, resistless song,
In cadence rare,
Swift shot her glowing notes along
With gentle air.

My native lyres, poor artless lays,
May never earn a meed of praise,
But, if it cheer life's fleeting days,
Naught will I mind.
Imagination's pleasing rays
Has much refin'd.

Where'er my footsteps chance to stray,
By rugged rock or flowery brae,
My Muse will radiate the way,
With sparks of rhyme.
Though cold winds round me sighing say
You're wasting time.

Though neighbours flaunt me in their rage,
With faces fashioned to the age,
Illiterate in nature's page
And sneering smile,
Against them all a war I'll wage
In honest toil.

Dear winding Till, thy fresco'd brink
Gave fancy's eye its fiery blink,
And drew my untrain'd mind to think
On glen and grove,
Where I could sacred wisdom drink
From cups of love.

Come strike, my Muse, thy trembling lyre,
With greater glee thy song inspire,
Let nothing check thy ardent fire,
And flame divine.
For youthful passion's strong desire
Will soon decline.

Let's tune the lay, while nature's charm
Keeps manhood's throbbing bosom warm,
Nor let corroding care's alarm
From song beguile.
Though fortune with reversed arm
Delete her smile.

Gay pictures doth Till's banks adorn,
There buds the beech, and blooms the thorn,
And yellow shakes the waving corn,
On either side.
To walk Till's flowery fringe at morn
Was once my pride.

To brush the dew, at opening day,
From off the drooping froudy hay,
And watch the lazy mist essay
To wing its flight,
Athwart the glowing, sunlit way,
O'er Flodden's height.

Oft has time's journalistic pen,
Retraced those walks and scenes again,
And sealed on mem'ry benign
Each prospect fair.
Pledged the glory to remain
Engraven there.

The first wrote phrases in life's tale,
Can never on their tablets pale,
Nor will one deep impression fail
Through life's long years,
Caught in youth's primogenial veil
Of hopes and fears.

Man's life's a dreamy minstrel song,
Blythe nature's scenic groves among,
Ten thousand, thousand teachers throng
About his mind,
And every unit owns a tongue
Free as the wind.

I've seen Till kiss'd by swallow's wing,
On twig the blackbird o'er her swing,
And to his mirror'd image sing
A roundelay,
Enthroned on high, as choral king,
In plumage gay.

When bluebell and forget-me-not
Made luminous the woodbine grot,
And gave attractions to the spot
As few conceive.
Their rosy-fingered zephyrs float
The charms to weave.

How grand the view from Yeavering Bell,
High towering over Millfield's dell,
Through which the crystal glen doth swell
'Mong waving grain,
Where fragrant herb and ashphodel
O'erstud the plain.

When seated in that charming zone,
Among the heather-bells alone,
On Till's clear surface gazing down,
Oh! glorious sight,
Upon a summer's afternoon,
What rare delight.

Enraptur'd there the charm to trace,
That decks the plain's fair-cultur'd face,
Or, musing on the human race,
Who wav'd the flag,
And trod its turf with martial pace
From base to crag.

From its proud top with ardour keen,
The varied fields with joy I've seen,
Some cloth'd in hue of emerald green,
So picturesque;
With speckled pea, and blooming bean,
'Neath Phœbus' disc.

Old border castles circle round
Which once dread feudal legions bound,
Where beacon light and trumpet sound
Rous'd men to war,
From humble cot, and classic ground,
Both near and far.

Within whose walls the proud and great,
Exulted in their wealth and state,
And served at fortune's golden gate,
A favour'd few,
Who did on tassell'd honour wait,
And lustrous grew.

But all their magic spells and charms
Could not evade the Scottish arms,
From throwing them into alarms,
And poignant grief;
For warriors came like bees, in swarms,
In blood and strife.

From Cheviot's cloud-capped peaks on high,
The landscape stretches on the eye,
To where the anchor'd vessels lie,
By Berwick pier.
Few grander sights can we descry,
Than waxes here.

Come, rapturous joy, in numbers tell
The pleasure o'er my soul which fell,
When poesy tranced on Yeavering Bell,
Plied her sweet art,
And drank from inspiration's well
With gladden'd heart.

For as the verdant valley glow'd,
As fast the happy numbers flow'd,
Illustrious fancy's golden rod
Brought forth a spell,
From each green arbour, grove, and wood,
And leaf-clad dell.

There bounteous labour's pliant hands
Her primal native strength extends,
And through the sun-flush'd valley wends
With plough or hoe;
While woolly flocks the shepherd tends
With footsteps slow.

Enchanting scenes, how sweet to sing,
When youth and love are on the wing,
And floating gales the fragrance bring
From field and bower,
Where twice ten thousand voices ring
Their song of power.

There Coupland stands in sylvan shade,
Sedate within the quiet glade,
Around whose towers the fir trees spread,
So fresh and green;
Where "Roman monk" and seer deep read
Have honour'd been.

Ford, screened within her leafy bowers,
Erects her ancient castle towers,
Where love allured, with siren powers,
Proud "Scotia's king,"
Did from his grasp in fateful hours
His kingdom wring.

Then "Scotland's waning star" went down,
And woeful was that day's dark frown,
For few across her mountains brown
Return'd to tell,
When SURREY'S host the day had won,
How many fell.

Old Chillingham, in silver ray,
Displays her crags and turrets gay,
Where dappled deer and cattle grey
Browse on her brow,
Where lusty stag and fleet deer play
By glen and knowe.

In dreams I trace Till's windings fair,
'Tis mem'ry's bliss to linger there,
And still my mind with earnest care,
When day is done,
Marks Heaven's work engraven clear
By show'r and sun.

There o'er my head the lark hath sung,
And 'neath my feet the wild flow'rs sprung,
As nature all her fretwork hung
In sparkling dew,
While choristers through copses rung
Their music new.

There in the summer's twilight hour,
In sober solitude secure,
Expanding fancy's foster pow'r
In ecstasy,
Used her delicious song to pour
At close of day.

Until dank trembling shades of gloom
Veiled the glowing green tress'd bloom,
And night's cold tears fell on the tomb
In copious show'r,
Which gemmed the palaces of doom
'Neath ambush'd bow'r.

And Luna, with her silent beam,
Came out to dance upon the stream,
With soft-ey'd daughters all agleam
In Orient glee,
Which did with sphery light relume,
Stream, wood, and lea.

Romantic by Till's fennel side
Old Etal stands in sylvan pride,
Kiss'd by the restless lapping tide
Which sportive plays,
Where faded grandeur still reside
And fancy strays.

There "Rob de Manners," knight of fame,
And others of illustrious name,
By whom both Roos and Rutland came,
Who laurels wore,
Whose souls flashed out in martial flame
In deeds of yore.

Close by the river ruins tell
Us of St. Mary's Church and well,
On which marauding Douglas fell
In rallying cry,
With stout halberdiers at his heel
Full haughtily.

Bnt still the scented zephyr breeze
Sings soft as ever through the trees,
And dance as lightly on the leas
As when that fane
Show'd belt'd knight with kirtell'd knees
On window pane.

Or when the country nobles round
All worshipped on its hallowed ground,
As monks and friars did expound
The word of God,
Which now in Britain's heart has found
A sure abode.

Grand yet on Duddo's rocky brow,
Her castle ruins stand to show,
Where patriotism's withering glow,
And genius bright,
Shone over Grindon's plains below,
Stryvelings' site.

Still glittering clear in silver gleam
Runs Twizel's flowery fringed stream,
Shining in the solar beam
Of summer morn,
Where PERCY with Northumbria's cream
Blew war's shrill horn.

And there with honour's itching charm,
Throbbing heart and sinewy arm,
Felt true manhood's blood flow warm
With pride, to show
The patriotic, ardent germ,
Of martial glow.

To wield the lance, and couch the spear,
Around Stryvelings' home so dear;
Where blooming maidens void of fear,
And strong of will,
Did watch the fight, at evening clear,
From Duddo's hill.

But glance, proud muse, at Routing Lynn,
Where coy romance with beauty reign,
Like to a mountain denizen,
Impearled o'er
Within her flower bespangled shrine
Of finest lore.

There comes the dashing moorland stream,
With all its silvery spars agleam,
Bright sparkling in the solar beam,
From heights above,
Quick gliding with its sedgy team
Through heath-clad grove.

The barrier rocks, high, hoar, and grey,
It moistens with its foaming spray,
Which through the excavations play
With merry peal,
Adashing, leaping, all the way
In facile reel.

Still yonder fair Pallinsburn stands,
Amid her wide embroidered lands,
And much affection she commands,
For honour's there,
With counsel wise, and open hands,
Advice to share,

'Twas here the truth PAULINUS spake,
Baptised his converts in the lake;
Bless'd noble work to undertake
With reverent awe.
And that, alone, for lost men's sake,
And Gospel law.

The Poet's Mission.

Attune thy voice, my muse to noble strains,
And celebrate the harmonies of song;
Awake transporting enthusiasm,
That warmeth the keen mind of the poet.
Wrapt in the contemplation of the grove,
Or, at the side of the musical stream,
Glimmering in the pale moon's mazy ray;
Animate thou my imagination,
Empower her wing to traverse the regions
Of numerous created substances.
Help her to penetrate and explore the
Rich empire of rare possibilities,
Where with clear vision she may descern
The marvellously beautiful, which ev'r
Captivates and enchants the vocal soul,
Returning again, laden with choicest
Materials in the wide economy
Of sweet, delightful exhilaration.
Laudable enterprise is this, my muse;
Pour out thy sorrow-soothing sentiment
Of honied virtue to the yielding heart;
Cease not thy happy, elevating songs,
Till the mellow light of the morning star
Of a new era gilds the horizon
Of this purple clouded and guilt-stained world.
Methinks that the chime of the poet's lays
Will swell on the troubled billows of Time,
When trophies of the proudest conqueror
Are mouldered to dust in the valley of
Forgetfulness; when superb mausoleums
Shall stand unnoticed and unknown in the
Desert, where the venturous traveller

Has failed to find a path on which to tread.
Posterity will plant Forget-me-nots
On the poet's urn, and water with tears
Of gladness the prodigies of his fame,
As long as the sun's sweet influences
Gives an expression to the vaulted sky,
By his glorious lustre of new born day;
While from glittering summits of peaked rocks,
And verdurous shining slopes of mountains,
Soft exhalations ascend and mix with
The light air of the radiant morning,
Rising like smoke from nature's sacrifice,
When springing flowers exhale the sweets received,
And fleet winged inhabitants of the grove
Pour forth rich warblings from their little throats,
To Him who gave them voice and melody,
In one grand choral psalm of native praise;
Musical their glorious anthems ring
In adoration of the works of God,
Directing our wandering thoughts upward,
To where His truth and bounty shining rise,
Each smiling morn is a lively proof
Of our infinite Lord's benevolence,
Tired nature awakes with renewed vigour,
Astonished woods become vocal with praise;
Sombre hills, dewy plains, and tinkling streams,
Join in one harmonious chant of joy,
Uttering loud peans of gratitude,
Kindling the fires of meditation
On every animated altar
Where wonders are being celebrated,
Happily welding into a union
Of reflective sympathy all our minds,
Wiping away the tears of discontent
From the clouded eye of humanity.

Spring-tide Impressions.

Again see nature's sovereign smile
Comes quivering round our northern isle,
Sweet beaming down the mountain side,
With royal petal-aiding pride,
Soft lingering on the pale-cheeked plains,
Nursing them with genial rains.

The sweep of Winter's scimitar,
Wild ruling in avenging war,
Is hushed to peace when light and song,
Advancing with their charming throng,
Of sweet, apportioned, odorous fumes,
Which every blue-ridged hill relumes.

Blythe Spring, thy grand inspiring flame
Electrifies the earth's cold frame,
Come forth in lustre's richest dress,
With balmy zephyrs to caress
The bosom of each glancing tide,
Which murmurs through our valleys wide.

What visions of serene delight
Flash now upon our ravished sight!
Thy charming power, enthroned on high,
Gives to the woodland shades a sigh,
Which through the silent welkin rings,
Till universal nature sings.

My soul come wake thy gen'rous fire,
Let spring-tide gales thy strain inspire;
Rise to the grandeur of your state,
In idleness 'tis vain to wait;
With graceful mein, and aspect kind,
Love deigns to crown the active mind.

From thought's deep chalice let me pour
The vintage of my muse's lore,
Engathered from the opening flow'rs,
Which rise beneath the dew bathed bow'rs,
For vagrant fancy's sandall'd feet
Around those symbols often beat.

There music floats on every gale,
And holds its concert in the vale,
Where hallowed airs and symphonies
Ring out thank-offerings to the skies,
Until my soul, in dreams sublime,
Feels lost to care, to earth, and time.

The Banks of Teviot.

It takes a moment only
To bring to memory,
That shady spot so lonely,
Each tinted flower and tree.

That path where youth's emotions
First felt joy's melting touch,
And frankly drank the potions
Which did my heart enrich.

I seem again to listen
The quiet Teviot's flow,
To see the sunbeams glisten
Upon its surface low.

To hear the wild birds singing
All through the copses sweet,
The lapping waters ringing
Their anthems at my feet.

Whene'er I think of boyhood,
Or see a sylvan copse,
It brings to mind the greenwood
That waves o'er Teviot's slopes.

Some blythesome boys who dandered,
With me on Teviot's banks,
To foreign shores have wandered,
And act in other ranks.

With them youth's halcyon summer
Seemed just to melt away,
And leave the pensive dreamer
To ruthless cares a prey.

We plucked the yellow gowans
From off the blushing glade;
We robbed the blooming rowans,
And watch'd their blossoms fade.

We culled the pink-eyed roses
Which on the briers grew,
Where scented balm reposes
On beds of sparkling dew.

We heard the insects humming
In wild ecstatic joy;
We saw the swallows skimming
The river's glancing eye.

There poesy came a-courting,
And won my plastic heart;
She's left me joys transporting,
With which I'll never part.

Now, close in hymen's union,
Our emanations knit;
While sympathy's communion
Doth nurse my innate wit.

But, though my pen is glowing,
With inspiration's fire,
And metaphors are flowing
Along my thrilling lyre.

Such arbours so inviting
As vocal Teviot's are,
Excel my power in writing
And set my thoughts at war.

Sonnet—To Inspiration.

Soul-moving spirit, divine essence given,
Contexture from the sacred loom of heaven,
Great Parent union of the universe,
Revealed in reason's logic ripe and terse,
Glorious in conception's pregnant wealth,
And generous in wisdom's cheerful health,
Mystic in solitary power and thought,
In wreathing mists and rolling storm clouds caught.
Thy hand can grasp the ocean by the main,
Or roll the laughing thunder o'er the plain;
Thou rob'st thyself in rays of sunset fires
To dance with colour round the rainbow tiers,
While glist'ning angels on their ladders nod,
And own thy movements worthy of a God.

Star of the Morning.

"I am . . . the bright and morning star."—Rev. xxii., 16.

Sweet star of the morn
  Arise in our hearts,
With brightness adorn
  Our spiritual parts.

Let thy smiling ray
  Of victorious grace,
Its virtue display
  On each happy face.

That reasoning thought
  May speed its career,
With experience bought
  Mid danger and fear.

Should cold frosts of care
  Forbid hope to bloom,
Let lambent beams fair
  Enlighten the gloom.

That glory may bud,
  And bring forth her fruit,
As holiness spread
  O'er tendril and root.

Soon Jesus will come
  To garner his share,
And take the fruit home
  To treasure it there.

Guide our Souls.

Tune—"Land ahead, its fruits are waving."

Guide our souls to Calvary's mountain,
Ready waits redemption's Lord,
Close beside the open fountain,
Which His dying love procured.

CHORUS.

Then transported we shall be,
By bright glory, gliding free,
Beaming from the Saviour's face,
O'er the sacred heights of grace.

Let the Holy Spirit's blessing,
Fan the spark of love Divine,
Till our souls new life possessing,
In Thy favour rise and shine.

Let the eye of faith immortal,
Kindling, view the joyful train,
Marching up to Heaven's portal,
Victors over care and pain.

Radiant in the dazzling brightness,
That illumes eternity;
Wearing robes of snowy whiteness,
Purchased by redemption's fee.

A Day at Bywell.

When the silvery orb, at the opening of day,
Had pencill'd the clouds with its radiant ray,
Prompt to the call of a kind invitation,
Joyous and proud, in our favoured position,
Swift fancy sped out at the first flush of morn,
And, perched on the bloom of the virginal thorn,
The rich shrine of nature revealed to our view,
Glanc'd fresh on the eye through its mirror of dew.

The flowerets all charmed, and smiling with glee,
Their odours delicious were throwing out free;
Enchanting delight beckoned down from her throne,
While sympathy laughed from her sylvan green zone.
The blithe feathered flocks were abroad on the wing,
Each lone bush a temple, where anthems did ring,
For the poet who soars to Amatha's springs;
This place is well fitted to strengthen his wings.

Merry whispers of joy were everywhere heard,
Coy happiness chimed from the arbours and sward;
Impressions of nature are eloquent here,
Like evangels they rise and fall on my ear;
And long I'll remember those bliss-giving hours,
I spent by the Tyne among Bywell's green bow'rs,
Where our hearts in their fondness joined in the lays,
As sung by the birds in their ravishing praise.

How fain would I stay among madrigals here,
To muse by the river so placid and clear;
But whispers of duty are ringing return
To the City, where genius my musings spurn.
Released from all clamour, and riot, and noise,
Which jars with the quire of my emulous joys,
I'd sculpture each scene on the bulwarks of thought,
And publish the harmonies cunningly wrought.

Enamoured 'neath pines that encurtain the vales,
Or numbering the notes of volatile gales,
Watching bright sunbeams effulgently quiver,
Down on the face of the glittering river.
Traversing through mazes with soul trancing fire,
Or charging some breeze with my musical lyre;
Inhaling sweet pleasures from cloud-mantled hills,
And drinking contentment from nature's clear rills.

The cypress of peace I would twine round my brow,
While my muse like the Tyne continued her flow,
These woodlands melodious would be a retreat,
Where echoing welkin my song would repeat.
As this mellow voice in free accents did melt,
And ring round the sphere where the minstrel dwelt,
Till the odours of truth, balsamic and rare,
Would both sublimate life and abrogate care.

The Soldier's Return.

I've wandered round this whirling sphere,
To serve my Queen and country dear,
In weary marches, night and day,
A soldier in the battle's fray;
Involved in tumult's wild uproar,
On fevered Afric's sun-streaked shore,
Far from my friends and native home,
With parched tongue compelled to roam.
Full many a foe did me engage,
Convulsed in anger's burning rage;
Still I've left that dangerous coast,
Again the Ocean safely cross'd.
But all my comrades dear are dead,
Who were to battle with me led;
Some lie beneath the forest gloom,
And others sleep in rocky tomb.
No gentle hand, or weeping eyes,
Came forth to soothe their agonies;
Naught but the burning solar ray
Beheld them as they gory lay,
Upon that dire and dismal field,
They unto death their lives did yield,
Old England's glory to unfold,
And Britain's prestige to uphold,
Amid the tempest's awful roar,
Repugnant fortune locked her store;
Each side before and round behind
The raging battle us confined,
While quick, more quick, the war-bolts flew,
Sweeping each hill-top and plateau.

A sulphury haze o'erspread the grove,
And round our ranks a net-work wove,
Till nothing but the drum and fife
Fell on our ears amid the strife.
But as the mazy dance went round,
And slippery grew the rocky ground,
There fell unnumbered, side by side,
The flower of England's soldier pride;
No more to leave that sand-reefed shore,
O'er which the angry typhoons roar.
Where sympathy with melting eye,
May never breathe a soothing sigh,
Till dark oblivion kindly cast
Her gloomy veil o'er suffering past.
Still, in dejection, let none grieve,
For every name a deed did leave;
And, what are honours' fondest smiles,
If they're not sculptured out in toils.

A Wedding Day.

Sweet on the green mead's solitude,
A violet and a daisy stood,
Glancing in the morning's ray;
While came with bounding pace along,
A blooming maiden, fair and young,
And merrily this song she sung,
This is my wedding day.

The daisy to the violet says,
Mark how espoused beauty's blaze
In tasteful bridal dress.
Love's light doth from each feature stream,
She's fondling hope's delicious dream,
In youthful morning's blithesome beam,
Her buoyant feet we'll kiss.

For soon the stamp of anxious care
May dash that sportful grace so fair,
That's playing round her now.
The coming sweep of Time's behest
Will thread the mazes in her breast,
Then cold, appalling grief may rest
Upon her youthful brow.

But the kiss, so kindly given,
From those flowers the joy had riven,
In dishabille they lay.
That look of innocence was gone,
Which on their virgin petals shone,
I heard the am'rous zephyrs moan,
To see them fade away.

And, that day, ere the summer sun,
Unto the west his race had run,
Swift through the azure sky,
Impulsive hope had anchor weighed,
And the sweet-featured, dark-eyed bride
Was cast upon the Ocean's tide,
Among its foam to die.

The bridal party, pleasure bound,
A fated boat, alas! had found,
And launched it on the main.
Soon sea-ward was the frail craft hied,
For gallantly the oars were plied,
By he whom Hymen clothed in pride,
In yonder sacred fane.

Till rushing in its reckless wrath,
The wild wind struck aslant their path,
And tossed them on the surge.
A shriek rang round the rock-bound shore,
I looked athwart the tempest's roar,
But all had sunk, to rise no more,
Deep in the awful gorge.

Think ye, who sail o'er pleasure's stream,
How dangerous 'tis for men to dream,
On life's delusive wave.
Then let not momentary joy
Great reason from her throne decoy,
While leering death his skill employ
To fill the greedy grave.

A Call to Heroism.

Men of Britain, listen to me,
  Do your duty, young and old,
With the pow'r God has endow'd thee,
  Minds are never to be sold.

You whose thoughts in freedom wander,
  What are Britons rights I ask?
Not as sycophants to pander,
  To the great and shun your task.

Horny hands and sunn'd complexions,
  Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Stations differ, but affections
  Dwell in rich and poor the same.

Why did God, the King of Nature,
  Make our intellects to toil?
Did He just create a creature,
  For to till and dress the soil?

Think ye haughty iron hearted,
  Lolling at your sumptuous boards;
Think how many limbs have smarted,
  For the sweets your state affords.

Ye who use unhuman scourges,
  And oppress with pinching screws;
Think awhile what duty urges,
  Agents of His will to use.

Hark ! He answers, wild tornadoes
  Strew the dark blue sea with wrecks ;
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,
  Air the voice by which He speaks.

Oh ! for sin, what visitations
  Rigorous men must undergo ;
They would e'en fix habitations,
  Where the wild winds answer, no.

Lines on the Anniversary of Robert Burns.

Let adverse time research her urns,
And bring her relics out to gaze;
Few greater names extant than Burns,
None more deserves a poet's praise.

His soul in friendship's mutual flush,
Was laden with a rich perfume;
While nature's fresh consonant blush,
Nursed fancy into bridal bloom.

Wed to the music of the spheres,
That gleesome sonorous voice of his;
Clear through the isles like echo veers,
To fill a waiting world with bliss.

He charged his heart with ardent love,
And tuned his intellect for song;
His harmonizing muses prove,
How bouyant was his pow'r and strong.

Divine the strains to Mary sung,
No other singer so refined;
When Heaven's dart his soul had stung,
And burst the flood-gates of his mind.

Ye monarchs of the Muse give ear,
Mark well the transports of his pen;
Did ever man such music hear,
As echo's over Logan Glen.

The Poet at work in the City.

Along a dark alley,
And up an old stair,
A family of three
Dear children lives there.
A rap at the door
Raised a shrill voice within,
As I lifted the latch,
And promptly stepp'd in.
Just list to the murmur
Which fell on my ear,
Sir, my husband is dead,
And down roll'd a tear.
We've had nothing to eat
Since yesterday morn,
We're just pining in bed,
Without hope, all forlorn.
The frost is so hard
And the wind blows so chill,
Jim's boots want the sole,
And Jane Ann's lying ill.
Will's clothes are so bad
That he cannot appear,
While the wind blows thus cold,
And the frost so severe.
A day among people
So abject and poor,
In houses which scarce
Own window or door.
May well melt the heart,
And fire the soul,
With eloquent pity,
Past power of control.
Here is a commission,
And service for youth,
A shrine for compassion,
An opening for truth.

Lines written on visiting Denholm, the Birth-place of Dr. Leyden.

Strangers who visit the birth-place of Leyden,
Think what his genius for Denholm has done;
He form'd a standard for Scotland to pride in,
Which few have eclipsed since freedom was won.
On memory's disc allusions are rising,
Illusions I culled in life's morning prime;
Well those pure treasures to-day I am prizing,
They fire my pen with an ardour sublime.

How softly her sighs young Summer is breathing,
Around the carved column upraised to his fame;
Blythly fresh morning her garlands are wreathing,
Crystalline beams round his art sculptured name.
Low 'neath the shadow his birth-place is standing,
Proud on the eye of the Poet it gleams;
Dignified, graceful, yet so unpretending,
Light from its precincts effulgently beams.

Prospects around me are smiling and blooming,
Green wave the pines on yon tapering dales;
There Leyden's spirit's still ardently roaming,
Round spiral cones, where wild scented wind sails.
Prints of his footsteps I fancy I'm tracking,
Over the lustred and yellow cupp'd plains;
Through daisy-decked meads where ribb'd clovers rocking,
New bathed by the tears of eventide rains.

Up in the chariot of fancy high flying,
Through thin spreading clouds that veil the blue sky ;
Or down in the dell where naiads are plying,
Their musical songs to the zephyrs sigh.
My rapturous soul a kinship is throbbing,
Impelled by the rage of passionate fire ;
Attuned to the sound of Teviot's waves sobbing,
As they march to the dirge of leaf-covered lyre.

Down on the torrents from giddy brinks rushing,
And slaty heights girt with broom, thorn, and fir ;
Anthems of nature come sonorous gushing,
With power that alike can hallow or stir.
Bounding like rivulets, frisking and skimming,
Leaping to life from the heath-mantled hill ;
Joy in their accents abundantly beaming,
What pleasures I felt by this love-laden rill.

Crisp shine the rays on the valleys enchanting,
Bright on their foliage the silver beams play ;
Emblems of Summer are everywhere flaunting,
Proud the red pimpernal smiles by the way.
Tiny heath flowers on the Dunion are flashing,
Clamorous screams the lone curlew and snipe ;
Mists from the river the crow bells are washing,
And clear through the bowers ring the blackbird's pipe.

Slitrig and Borthwick with foam bells up blowing,
Glide down in their joy the Teviot to join ;
'Neath arches of elm and firwood they're flowing,
Where Leyden first bowed at poesy's dear shrine.
Hark ! whispers of love on gales are advancing,
With notes which inspire my musical soul ;
Round shattered green craggs viewless forms are dancing,
Who's fettered my spirit in quivering thrall.

Should the current of thought from its fathomless fountain
Burst forth in its freshness to water my lay,
I'll wing it for flight o'er meadow and mountain,
To bask in the light of fame's luminous ray;
Where swift-footed genius serenely is vaulting,
High on the time-honoured stage of renown,
And voluble envy's base somersaulting
Can never gain more than a scornful frown.

Then fame in an impulse of passionate feeling,
Would fire the fibres of every tongue;
While whetted sensations assurance was sealing,
In the emulous bosoms of old and young.
Tread soft o'er the turf, ye peasants hay-making,
Often the theme of our song worshipped there;
Again at his shrine a Poet's awaking
The genius who rides on copse-moving air.

The following Lines are the Composition of a Brother Poet, dedicated to the Author.

Ah! thinkest though I've never been upon high Ruberslaw,
And that I've never yet beheld the scenes that you there saw,
Or think you I have never felt the quick, deep thrilling glow,
Which you have felt when standing there above the plains below.

Where is the spot in Borderland that I have never trod?
And think'st thou that I am blind unto the works of God?
I tell thee nay; and this is true, whatever you may feel,
That there is much within this world to sour an honest chiel.

Know you not this that I have sung, and wove my heart in rhyme,
But anything that we can write wont stand the touch of time;
What are our songs but echo's faint of notes by others sung,
And who will read the wretched lays that you and I have strung.

But let not this your spirit damp, nor blunt your ready quill,
All that you need thee to inspire is just the towering hill.
Now when you're wearied of the Tyne just back to Denholm draw,
And let us have another song as rugged as the law.

Oft have I stood late where you stood high perched above the vale,
Lost, as it were, in fancy's dream, or some old Border tale;
And there I've heard the plover's wail like some sad dirge of grief,
And there I've been when Autumn stole the greenness from the leaf.

And yet, dear Tom, of what avail is this to you or me,
Where Leyden strayed and wooed the Muse, that Muse we'll never see.
His harp none of us can restring, his was the master hand,
So after him, ah! who need sing of Scotia s Borderland.

But thunder on, my brother bard, like Etna, all afire,
The name of Burns is quite enough to make mankind admire;
When next you sing of Border scenes, and Summer dressed sae braw,
May some sweet lass wi' dimpled cheek her mantle owre thee thraw.

Song—To Mary.

Wherever my thoughts are commissioned to roam,
Free as air when abroad nor in fetters at home;
Whether rais'd to the skies, fix'd on earth or the sea,
They always return, my dear MARY, to thee.

The pow'r that disperses the clouds as they fly,
And gilds the bright orbs that illumine the sky;
In the blue eyes of MARY displays to my view
A radiance more cloudless than stars ever knew.

When my mind on life's sweetest connections attend
To imagine the maiden, the wife, or the friend;
My MARY to each of their claims I prefer,
For all their perfections are blended in her.

Life's morning in love did my MARY employ,
Nor yield at its noon a less sensible joy;
From its ev'ning her presence will banish the gloom,
And cheer its dark night on the verge of the tomb.

'Tis not Thine Eye so proudly Glancing.

'Tis not thine eye so proudly glancing
That twines joy's wreath round wisdom's brow,
Nor yet those lips whose voice entrancing
Inspires with more than mortal glow.
'Tis not thy breast, which calmly beating
Reveals within the mind divine,
That adds such rapture to our meeting,
'Tis this—I know thee wholly mine.

It is the ceaseless echo sounding,
Love left within my youthful soul,
Which keeps her best affections bounding
To bring all under love's control.
For years my life's been spent in dreaming,
Or building palaces in air;
Down tear-steep'd time still fancy's beaming
To worship with LETITIA fair.

Though time's swift courser gaily ranging
But slowly steals youth's charms away,
What limit hath the heart for changing,
Is it a year—perhaps a day?
The false chameleon's colours vary
With every sunbeam's alter'd hue,
And love may prove to minds unwary
As bright but as inconstant too.

But thou, like eastern day declining,
When all the glow of youth is past,
Still walkest on in beauty shining,
Thine aspect loveliest at the last.
Nor shall a cloud arise to banish
One ray which emanates from thee,
Till all at once thy glories vanish
In death's immeasurable sea.

Sailing through the Kyles of Bute.

I've travelled east, and west, and north
To view the virgin bloom of worth,
But never could I find its pride
Till sailing down the hill-girt Clyde.
Sweet Kelvin Grove and Craigielea
May sing their ancient maids with glee;
Give me the lass from Levenside,
I met while sailing down the Clyde;
The lass with whom I pressed my suit,
While sailing through the Kyles of Bute,
On board the great "Columba."

Her person every charm combined
That hovers round the poet's mind;
Her knotted hair luxuriant rolled
Down her soft neck like waving gold.
Her blooming cheeks the tints disclose
Like lilies damask'd with the rose;
Her brow, with fair proportion due,
Like polished iv'ry struck my view;
With this fair lass I pressed my suit,
While sailing through the Kyles of Bute,
On board the great "Columba."

Beneath brown arching fringes shone
Two eyes which sparkled like the sun;
Though artful glances said, beware,
Young Cupid lies in ambush here.
His bow is bent, he points his dart,
His eyes are on the gazer's heart;

The look of leisure which she wore,
Excell'd all sights I'd seen before;
And lured me on to press my suit,
While sailing through the Kyles of Bute,
On board the great "Columba."

Her Grecian nose of faultless frame
No envious critic e'er could blame;
Through lips of pure vermilion bright
Two rows of pearl flashed to sight.
Her soft words formed the while a chain
My best affections to detain,
To watch the sunny smiles preside,
Which made a paradise of Clyde;
For there I pressed my gracious suit
While sailing through the Kyles of Bute,
On board the great "Columba."

On entering a Highland Glen.

'Tis sweet to muse between the hills,
  Beneath the birch tree branches green;
When nature's choicest music fills
  The trackless solitude serene.

In every blade there is a tongue,
  Communing with the grateful air;
E'en silence sings a plaintive song
  To those who have the will to hear.

Freed from the city gross and gay,
  With care conjured to sleep awhile,
We'll let contentment have its sway,
  And cheerfulness assume her smile.

We'll revel in adoring gaze
  Till pleasure throbs in every vein,
And feelings of aspiring praise
  Within our bosoms rise to reign.

We'll trace the brook through each recess,
  And count the charms that stud the ground;
We'll wrap the soul in conscious bliss,
  Where man's dominion cannot wound.

We'll gaze on steeps and foaming falls,
  And breathe the cool, refreshing air,
Between the flowery, tufted walls,
  Which sun and shower have dress'd so fair.

We'll watch the fitful shadows blue,
  Play round the piny foliaged dale,
And list, the blackbird's lillelu
  Pipe from the bush above the vale.

Thus charm away the laughing hours,
  With thoughts harmonious and free;
As winds that fan the nodding flow'rs,
  Or swell the summer melody.

A Glance at the Mountain Tarn.

In the cleft of the mountain, wild and cool,
Flashes a silvery, flower-edged pool;
And the gloom from the rock-rimm'd, tufted crest,
Sleeps silently over its mirrored breast.
Here the eagle dreams on his high-poised throne,
Or soars in his pride to gaze at the sun,
While nature exults in the furze and fern,
To publish her joy by the mountain tarn.

Here beauty basks on the prospect fair,
Caressed and kissed by the mountain air,
Not a jar is heard but the white sea-mew
Answering the pipe of the grey curlew;
Or the rattling stone which slides from the hill,
Disturbing the silence intense and still,
Scaring to flight the lapwing and heron,
Perched by the side of the mountain tarn.

Here, too, is the bee, on the sweet heather bell,
Dipping her fangs in the juice of the fell,
Also the butterfly, active and bright,
Sporting herself in the blazing sunlight;
While 'neath the dark peaks of the mountain shroud
At rest sleeps the spirit of solitude,
Half veil'd in his bed by the grey-backed cairn
That hangs like a cloud o'er the mountain tarn.

The trembling rushes that gleamed in the morn,
And insects that hummed on the leaf of the thorn,
With the tide which flow'd from the cold veined rock,
Like a wild night dream on my fancy broke,
For the sweep of the summer's orient wing
Inspired the birds with a rapture to sing,
And the sunless caverns, dank and stern,
All blended their song round the mountain tarn.

Musings on Arthur's Seat, Edinburgh.

Edina, thou nurse of the gallant and brave,
What wreathes of distinction encircle thy brow;
The wildest ambition could scarcely well crave
A glory more rich than illumines thee now.

Thy chaplets were cull'd from the gorgeous bloom
Of well-earned victory, prowess, and faith;
Nor thundering vengeance, with stake, rack, and tomb,
Could move the high purpose that smiled at their wrath.

The ashes which sleep in the gloom of St. Giles
Shook the slumbering spark of young freedom to flame,
Which terrors, nor pains, confederate wiles,
Had half daring enough to conquer or tame.

How blest were the accents that fell from their tongue,
In joyfully entering the valley of death;
The suppliant's prayer and triumphant song
Rose on the last throb of their struggling breath.

Edina, thy locks are enwreathed with beams,
And powdered with dust from the amaranth bloom;
From your centres of thought intelligence streams,
While silver-tongued science claims thee for her own.

But pen cannot trace, nor can language define,
The gifts and the triumphs recorded by love,
On the zeal-beaten breast of thy glorious shrine,
Fit emblem of that in the mansions above.

My mind, with its searching eye strained to the view,
From the picturesque peak of high Arthur's Seat,
Rolled far over Neptune's dark mirror of blue,
And sky-pointed steeples that stood at my feet.

I saw where ambition had harnessed her car,
And cruelty's treaty was cancelled by blood,
Where beauty and passion were called to the bar,
And frenzy ran wild in old Holyrood.

A View of Ben Lomond.

What a burst of magnificence kindled my eye,
When the sun pitched his tent on Ben Lomond so high;
The sweet breeze of summer on soft tinsel wing,
Seemed bound by a spell, and too solemn to sing.

The wrinkles that time had engraved on his brow,
By its moon-horned spears and conquest crowned plough,
Unfolded to me through the light bracing air,
A beauty more potent than mind can compare.

The awe-moving spirit soothed my soul as it fell,
And freshened devotion its wonders to tell;
O'er glens of black umbrage by cataracts riven,
His shadow hung high in the azure of heaven.

Here the glory of nature hath nothing to fear,
For time the restorer unbidden sits here;
On Ben Lomond the sun rests his banquet to keep,
And mirror his glow on the breast of the deep.

When the swift billows sleep in the calm sober eve,
Down the sides of Ben Lomond the Highland winds heave;
O, land of my fathers, of friendship and might,
Glowing with virtue and smiling in light.

Thy freedom and honours full chartered retain
The fame of thy WALLACE, SCOTT, and BURNS maintain,
For their art sculptured busts I saw on my way,
With the tombstone at Greenock will shrink and decay.

But the songs are engraven in letters of love,
And circle the seal of the mintage above;
Ben Lomond subdued to soft feeling declares,
No country save Judah have any such heirs.

A Reverie written among the Highland Hills.

The Highland hills no hills can vie
Beneath the mansions of the sky;
Where'er we turn our restless eyes,
Their rugged cliffs around us rise.
Nor poesy's paint, nor flattery's dress,
Can e'er the grandeur here express,
Or tell which is the greater part,
Materials, or forming art.

They rise like sumptuous arches high,
To press their tops against the sky,
While round their battlements we see
The branching nature-planted tree,
On which the milk-white blossom blows,
Each season that the sun bestows;
In shady nooks the blue-bells bloom,
And roses breathe a rich perfume.

These very glens our fathers sought,
When with earth's vanities they fought;
Among their stilly steps they knelt,
And sacred influences felt.
Yon grey old trunks that point to heaven,
Which many a winter's wind hath riven,
Still stand for all who wills to read,
A witness for the mighty dead.

Our lot is cast in riper years,
But sunshine dawned thro' falling tears,
And He who spread the spangled roof
In sweet communion adds a proof.
He still controls the tempest's rage,
And with it writes a brighter page;
To-day His chariot is the breeze
That skims the mountain tops with ease.

The birds that hop from bough to bough,
The springs that break the mountain brow,
The lofty grandeur, strength, and grace,
Engraven on its time-stained face,
The mighty oak, the forest prince,
The animated flowers that glance,
Declare the miracle to me
Of GOD'S immovable degree.

How sweet it is from care to fly,
Where we can lay our follies by,
To list the hill-throned spirits preach,
And wisdom through her silence teach.
Ambition cannot covet more
Than sit at heaven's chamber door,
Away from strife's incessant war,
Companion to the morning star.

Wrapped up in strange, mysterious dreams,
No sound except the curlew screams,
With cloud enthron'd benignant love
Dispensing favours from above.
'Twas hours like these the prophets knew
When glory blessed their wistful view;
'Twas on the mountain MOSES saw
JEHOVAH'S face, and got the law.

I think an eye could scarcely ride,
Or contemplation well preside,
Or fancy play where more invites
Than on these wild and pathless heights.
Here man may all his soul unsphere,
And meditate on time's career,
Or charge the echoes with his song,
Till every cave the notes prolong.

A Day on the Braes of Gleniffer.

Ye powers teach me some words to find,
For this that now inflames my mind;
Muse lend to me thy venturous wing,
In tuneful phrase my theme to sing,
A mightier vigour here bestow,
Than e'er before thou'st deigned to show,
My simple lute dare scarcely trace
The lineaments of this fair place.

I cross'd the stream beneath the shade,
That dances thro' the downy glade,
By which a kind memento stands,
With TANNAHILL'S advice to friends.
'Tis such a place where friends may dart
To speak the raptures of their heart;
Above, the hawthorn shakes its head,
And proud the oaken branches spread.

I drank from out the lettered well,
That nurses yet the heather bell,
At which the poet lov'd to peer
When Autumn came the woods to sere;
I rested where the woodbine curl'd,
And faded blossoms newly gnarled
From off the spicy, amorous thorn,
Where fancy's fruits were often born.

Each image did my fancy fill,
And prompt my genius and my skill,
To wake again the immortal lyre;
But naught could my dull senses fire,
Or animate the strains divine,
Dear TANNAHILL, which once were thine,
Thy soul must like thy dust repose,
Until the last dread trumpet blows.

The hand of Nature may be bold,
Producing friends to match the old,
And forming master minds to reign,
In music's realms o'er again;
But who'll beget a son to sing,
In artless strains so like a king,
As gifted TANNAHILL has done,
To make love's softest secret known.

Ah! can it be that love inspires
Two bosoms with the same desires;
Yes, kindred souls a pleasure find
In exercises of the mind;
Where TANNAHILL once sang so sweet,
I've often wished to plant my feet,
And view the spot the Muse made known;
He was a favourite of her own.

Let fortune her best talents give
To unborn sages yet to live;
Let great designs from gen'rous breast
Swell out to soothe a world to rest;
Let conquest from her bower prepare
A wreath of ease for slaves to wear,
Still, TANNAHILL, thy lays we'll sing
While roses blush behind the spring.

The cultured plains, and grassy hills,
Green meadows, shady banks, and rills,
Delightful groves where brackens grow,
And willows where the waters flow,
With flowers that gem sweet (Stanley) sward,
All seemed to say here mused the bard,
We've seen the pencil touch his lips,
Then dance between his finger tips.

The feathery woods on every side,
With ready chorus, too, replied,
On us with glee he cast his gaze,
With eyeballs in poetic blaze,
And often sighed with sage-like art,
From you, my friends, I soon must part;
And, ever since he went away,
We've sung our sorrow day by day.

He seem'd possessed of every joy,
That happy lovers' thoughts employ,
Till clouds his cheerful life o'ercast,
And, lo! he withered in the blast;
The sylvan shades all heard the shock,
And mourned to hear his heart was broke;
Hope woke to find her favourite fled,
And with hot tears bedewed his bed.

A Reverie on the Banks of Tweed.

I've heard the cultured maiden singing,
Flushed with beauty's studied grace,
When a thousand eyes were springing
To the painted charmer's face;
Drinking in the pregnant pleasure
With a triumph of delight;
Sporting with the brimming measure
In the gas's mazy light.

Beneath the spell were bosoms glowing,
Rapturous in amusement's tide;
Silken garments loosely flowing
Round the sacrifice of pride.
Trained to fashion's best behaviour,
Boasting love's illusive smile,
Breathing out their souls' endeavour
In soft art's alluring wile.

To the play-house see them streaming,
Sparkling in expensive glee;
Youth with age elated teeming,
Sad the sight for Muse to see.
Give to me the copse-clad mountain,
Where the voice of nature rings;
Or the embower'd, shining fountain,
Where blythe birds their anthems sing.

How great the charm in discerning
Polished wisdom's written laws,
Worthy all our care in learning,
None need here deplore the flaws.

When the sun at eve is bowing
  Its obeisance to the main,
Sweet the sight of sea-waves flowing
  Round the fringe of daised plain.

Mark the humble hare-bell throwing
  Beauty to the sun-smit heath,
And carnation's grace bestowing
  Lustre on the varied wreath.
But above all sights excelling
  Foremost stand the Banks of Tweed,
With their primal woodgroves swelling,
  Or the shrine of glorious deed.

Sacred shade for Poet's dreaming,
  Here reflection prompts the pen;
Vocal come bright zephyrs streaming,
  Chiming out the names of men.
Radiant in immortal splendour,
  Sparkling with a matchless worth,
Relics of old Scotia's grandeur,
  Happy land that gave them birth.

The Drunkard and his Wife.

WIFE.

You'll remember well the day, JIM,
When we began to court,
Oh! you were then so neat and trim,
And full of gleeful sport.

Your speech was so bewitching, JIM,
Your laughter was so light,
It set my feelings all aflame
To see you come in sight.

No other sound fell on my ear
With cadences so sweet,
As when thy tinkling footsteps, dear,
Our cottage door did greet.

A gushing stream of varied joy
Came o'er my trembling heart;
My tongue, at other times so coy,
Forgot its cunning art.

Why was my womanhood so weak
On that delicious hour?
Why could I not like others speak,
And set at naught thy power?

Impulsive youth can best explain
The fascinating charm,
Which did my fervid soul constrain,
And fondest feelings warm.

The world then, with all its pride,
Seem'd only dross to me;
When you were absent from my side
I could not happy be.

But you're not the man you were, JIM,
Your brow has grown so dark;
Your sunny smile has grown so grim,
It's lost its cheery spark.

HUSBAND.

Oh! MARY dear, you speak the truth,
My sunny smiles are gone,
And all the playful beams of youth,
Which once so radiant shone.

The winning words, foretelling bliss,
You taught me then to sip,
That fluttered round the glowing kiss
When lip saluted lip.

Those fettering vows of love, my dear,
Have often me chastis'd;
I have not done my part, I fear,
At this I am surpris'd.

And, MARY, can you see the shroud
That darkens now my brow,
It hangs around me like a cloud
In sorrow's angry bow.

'Twas nothing but the liquor's curse
That did my visage mar;
My manhood's lost, and, what is worse,
My soul fell at the "bar."

Oh! how shall I repent the drop
That first defiled my lip;
I stand alone, without one prop
To hold my courage up.

WIFE.

How often I foretold you, JIM,
What the vile cup would do;
How it would inundate your prime,
And make a wreck of you.

And still you would persist, dear JIM,
To take a glass, and more,
And never thought it any crime
My counsel to ignore.

A woeful wretch you look now, JIM,
In this our des'late home;
Still I love you just the same, JIM,
In poverty and gloom.

HUSBAND.

Well, MARY love, I grieve to see
That shrivelled form of yours,
I might have nursed and cherished thee
With all my vig'rous powers.

Those rags and tatters round thy form
Might have been gauze and lace;
Had I but spared thy winning charm,
And saved thee from disgrace.

Had not the DEVIL'S poisoned cup
Been put into my hand,
'Twas it that broke our comfort up,
And me with baseness brand.

WIFE.

There's little JOHN and MARY ANN,
MARIA, WILL, and MEG,
Fain would they all your course restrain,
GOD knows we plead and beg.

Oh! would you just but stay with me,
And these our little dears,
Think what a different man you'd be,
Have pity on our tears.

Their ruddy lips delight to kiss
Those haggard cheeks of thine;
How can you be to them so base
As cause them all this pain.

HUSBAND.

Well, I will promise you, my wife,
To join the pledge this day,
Again I'll try to bless your life,
And that without delay.

My wages yet entire are,
And you shall have the gold,
No more the threshold of the "bar"
I'll cross with footsteps bold.

These little ones, who love me so,
Shall be their father's pride;
To school, on Monday, they shall go,
And I will be their guide.

WIFE.

Then to the pawnshop now I'll haste,
And get your light-grey suit;
To-morrow you shall look your best,
Since you have fac'd about.

Yes, unto the Church we'll go, JIM,
With countenance aglow;
And we'll count our troubles o'er, JIM,
In this dark vale below.

HUSBAND.

Now I feel GOD'S mercy strong, dear,
It helpeth even me;
There's nothing now I need to fear,
Since mercy flows so free.

Your tenderness has wooed my soul
Back from the gulf of hell;
I saw the waves of sulphur roll
O'er thousands as they fell.

The Sun.

Ineffable and richly bright,
  See the glowing monarch rise,
Bathing earth in glorious light,
  Laden with inspiring joys,
    On the pinioned breeze,
    Flashing through green trees,
    Softly breathing life.

The sweetest face that nature wears,
  Through the generous changing year,
Is when the solar orb appears
  Glancing from an amber sphere,
    Cheering every flower,
    By his bracing power,
    So gently and calm.

His orient rays flush up the clouds
  With choice beauty's finest glow;
They wrap the beryl seas in shrouds,
  And create the shining bow.
    Singing as they go,
    Swerving to and fro,
    Melting all to love.

Bright sparkling down on mossy realms,
  With an ardent, kind caress;
Stealing through the green draped elms,
  That the sky-clad mountains dress.
    Dispelling sadness,
    And spreading gladness,
    Over nature's face.

Tinting the daisy's vermil cheek,
  Which on the vernal meadow glows;
Lining the copse-clad mountain creek
  With white lily and primrose,
    Where each petal bloom,
    Sighs its rare perfume,
    To the passing gale.

Clasping jewels around the stems
  That spice the blushing plains;
Scattering wide his shining gems
  By the shrine where glory reigns.
    And maternal bliss,
    Stamps her throbbing kiss,
    On the meek-ey'd Queen.

To the Hero of the House.

We'll ring GLADSTONE'S fame thro' shop, cottage, and hall,
Till vine-creepers shake as they cling to the wall,
And children applaud at their hoop, top, and ball.
Go twine the orange with the green,
With loving hands and reverent mien;
Let faithful trust in him be seen,
For stauncher patriot ne'er has been.

His name make the watchword in college and school,
Sound it to the song of the artizan's tool,
Breathe it out to the winds that encompass the pole.
Go bring flowers and holly green,
With loving hands the wreath entwine,
And set it on his brow to shine,
For stauncher patriot ne'er has been.

Publish his worth in your temples and churches,
Sing it 'neath the boughs of umbrageous birches,
Where mellow-voiced ring-dove at ev'ntide perches.
Go cull the violets sweet and clean,
Dahlia with her lustrous sheen,
And place the lily them between,
Graceful flower o'er all the Queen.

Send round the awe-struck world an invocation,
Tell men of every tribe, and tongue, and station,
To come with diadems from every nation,
As trophies for the chief of men;
For one more faithful time's ne'er seen,
A prelate to our noble Queen,
In her progressive, pious reign.

A Genesis of Imaginative Creations.

I've sung of valour's force and triumph's arms,
  Pleasing maids, amorous and faithful swains;
Of empires immense, and beauty's charms,
  As well as vulgar passions with disdain.
I've plumed my Muse's wings for heights unknown,
  And tried through tracks unkenn'd before to rise;
O'er passes dread and awful gulfs I've flown,
  To meditate on truth and gather joys
Where heavenly wisdom hath her seeds of glory sown.

Eternal wisdom none can comprehend,
  Nor her most secret counsels speak or sing;
Still 'tis a pleasure great our strength to spend,
  Beneath the glorious cover of her wing.
Her's was the wing that hatch'd primeval day,
  When GOD'S Almighty energy first moved;
Each summon'd atom hastened to obey,
  And shining orbs, by skilful action groov'd,
Through fluctuating fields of air an open way.

There's stamp'd on nature's wise economy
  One purpose of the high eternal mind;
View yon incumbent, deep, and dark-fac'd sea,
  Behold upon its frame perfection sign'd.
Its easy motion, ebb and flow, express,
  A force divine, magnificently grand;
Its billows and its waves confess,
  They dare not break their Sov'reign LORD'S command,
Nor o'er the sand-reefed shore their roaring surges press.

With voice confederate earth and heaven declare,
That perfect prudence ruleth all things well;
Round acts fortuitous convenient care
Has left instructive characters to tell
What is conducive to man's native needs.
There's not in wide immensity a charm,
But thro' deliberate means elect GOD leads,
His favour by a motive vigour warm,
Of gravitating energy to wondrous deeds.

The gales that sweep the limitary hills,
Or bends the aged forest oak at will,
But fans the primrose by the tufted rills,
And sinks to sleep upon the moorland still.
The thunder bell'wing from the swarthy cloud,
Like to a spectre moving, none knows how,
While echo answers echo long and loud,
O'er shuddering cataract and mountain brow,
Wrapped in a brazen column'd wavering fluid.

When waves roll stormy, and the winds blow wild,
Or plunge like headlong runners in their race;
And shivering stars out-flaring far yet mild,
Irresolute hide their radiant face.
When clouds in squadrons chase along the sky,
Like nations hurrying to the seat of war,
Whose standard blazon'd signs in tatters fly,
Strange symbols of reproach their fame to mar,
Last remnants of the chivalry which shone so high.

Perhaps some here may question reason's light;
If so, then let them into nature dive;
Her magazines have such a depth and height,
No human mind can reach howe'er it strive.

Though high the instinct of the poet's soul,
Groping about in wondrous realms unseen,
And heavenly radiance in his eyeballs roll,
With bright-edged hope darting in between,
To animate, to foster, cherish, and control.

You've heard the whirlwind and the sandled storm
Among the dark-winged clouds their strife prolong;
Ten thousand harps take up the dread alarm,
And clamorous floods repeat the furious song.
But I by study fed with musings rare,
A nursling of heaven's highest power,
Steal out as softly as the sun-braced air,
Into imagination's joylit bower;
No dark-rimed shadows of annoyance meet me there.

Unbridled there I let my fancy stray
'Mong joys maternal, moral, and divine;
Like sun revolving through ecliptic day,
To tincture rosy rubies in their mine.
While thus engaged in search of secret things,
Inspecting spheres, and ranging through the skies;
Or tracing motions to their hidden springs,
Thus by example show how men may rise
To eminence imperial, and reign as kings.

Philosophers and poets, as a rule,
Toil much in visionary forms and schemes;
They wage eternal war in dreamland's school,
And dip their pens in fancy's shining streams.
The lofty palaces in which they dwell,
Devotion builds and artful pleasures fill,
Until the blandishments of wit excel
And genius proves her energetic skill,
By making faithful and benignant efforts tell.

A sempiternal scale there's to ascend,
Where every upward step displays to view
Far more than human mind can comprehend,
Or faith's celestial eye can well pursue.
The spirit owns its dwarfishness and palls
Before conception's propagating flame;
Elastic reason in her anguish falls,
And loses in this excellence its claim,
Or faints outright between the hampered brain's hot walls.

But soon the momentary check's o'ercome,
The silver rill of thought resumes again
Its nervous current, 'neath a load of foam,
Gath'ring virtue to enrich the main.
Blest is the man who so much action takes
In nature's art, and learns its destined use;
Who from dull sloth's inglorious slumber wakes,
For observations such as these conduce
To independence, which the master mind aye makes.

This universe, on which our lives are cast,
Is but the great expression of one mind,
Within the ring of heaven fixed fast,
Where mystic octaves form a chain to bind.
The wing of genius, in its flight afar,
Whether by artist's touch or poet's pen,
Can neither manufacture, give, or mar,
Or add one atom to the grand design,
Or influence the lustre of a single star.

The many coloured thoughts that robe the earth,
Portrayed in music, literature, and art,
Owe not to ingenuity their birth,
Love ciphers them upon the open heart.

The clearest thoughts come from the lowest mind,
Like water filtered through the sandstone rocks,
Which dust-stained travellers so refreshing find,
When ushered into flower-fringed brooks,
First tasted by the glowing, scented, summer winds.

Thus has my Muse oft exercised her power,
In singing wonders she has felt and seen;
While rosy light diffused its tender shower
Among the spacious valleys fresh and green.
And e'en when sluices of ethereal light
Were shut by peaceful night's alternate care,
O'er tracts cerulean I have bent my flight,
To try my harp amid empyrean air,
And some new idea on my heart's soft tablet write.

With much contrivance I have sought to trace
A photo of the self-existing mind;
Search and research points to the human face
Where waves of love and reason's ray I find.
But all my searching cannot yet declare
From whence those nervous functuaries come;
Watching, ready-trained out-guards of care,
That speak when voice and tongue alike are dumb,
Among the youthful features of a loving pair.

Was I possessor of a stronger mind,
That never wearied or could feel a pain;
Or if I had my wondrous self designed,
With passions formed obedient to the rein,
I might have made my steps all sacred here below,
And many a sweet immortal anthem sung;
When swathed in honour's peaceful florid glow,
The sainted Muse's tuneful Catholic tongue,
Chimes forth like shrouded angel with a star-girt brow.

A vast and vivid glory lights the path
  Of those who step to music's plea within;
Like pilgrim legions with their swords of faith,
  From victory to victory they run.
In every living, grave, majestic eye,
  The melancholy tears of pity shine;
While benediction's flag floats high,
  Because the power that prompts them is divine,
Balancing their souls on the pivot of a sigh.

Soliloquy on Youth.

'Tis mine to scan youth's thoughtless stage,
And mark its errors on my page,
There vices lurk concealed from sight,
And dangers hide beneath delight;
Youth kindles raptures in the mind,
While giddy false allurements bind,
With chains of joy,
Which sour and cloy,
The dew of elevating grace
That sparkle over nature's face.

In rivalry and fond pursuit,
It pants for pleasure's ashen fruit,
O'erstraining nerves to grasp the cue,
Till maddened senses touch and rue,
For greedy nature covets more
Than her fountains can up store;
Such gales of pride
Disturb the tide,
Till roaring tempests seize the barge,
And turn to wrath the fickle charge.

To those who read the leaves of fate,
And on experiences wait,
The firmament of life doth change,
For youth sees but the silver fringe;
Yet few there be while morning smiles,
That give themselves such arduous toils;
The book of fate
They keep in state,
And thoughtless through the mazes run,
Till downward tends life's slanting sun.

While joys invite them to their arms,
And grandeur smiles and spreads her charms,
No conscious care will they display,
In marching up youth's glowing way.
Engaged with trifles, see them stand,
On manhood's flow'ry borderland,
With prospects high,
And sanguine eye,
Impetuous as the springs of love,
Which all the soul's dominion move.

Youth's sparkling eye and heaving breast,
Filled with vicissitudes of zest,
Might throbbing in each ample vein,
Prepared to enter strife with pain,
Elate, assuming courts the storm,
Than falls to earth a rebel worm
Inanimate;
Repulsive fate,
For one whose pride it was to wear
A self-impassioned aping air.

When youthful spirits mount to fly,
And speculation's tide runs high,
Should general plaudits on them press,
They write in capitals—success;
Hug the goddess in their arms,
And carve ambition round their charms,
While nature's page
Their prowess gage,
As frequent pauses of love's light
Beams on their efforts sweet and bright.

Through ev'ry rent of this veil'd world
Wisdom unto man is hurled;
The flow'rs, the stars, the wind, the sea,
Combine to sermonize for me.
There's music in conflicting spheres,
That each observant listener hears;
For mind can peep
Through strata deep,
And treasure up in memories
The purple shadow and blue breeze.

As gales the peaks of mountains kiss
Before they reach the low abyss;
So minds touch first the outer fringe
Before they fathom reason's range.
And, all along the path of youth,
We gather up the balm of truth
With gentle hand,
And list'ning, stand,
To nature's whispers, mild and low,
Minds, like flowers, must wax and grow.

Oh! blissful morning of the soul,
Before affliction's wild waves roll
Their torrents of oppressive strife,
Or sweep the crossings of our life;
For, after Summer's rosy hours,
Comes Winter, with its blasts and show'rs,
When gladness dies,
And pleasure lies,
Like Autumn leaves, gnarled and brown,
Through which the angry whirlwinds moan.

Lapt up in youthful ecstasies
On radiant pinions watch men rise,
While ardent love, devoid of fears,
With kisses stem the fount of tears;
And this sweet, necromantic hour
Clothes after-life in mystic power
Of glory bright,
And visions write
Across the spangled sky of sense,
With vital energies intense.

Deep in the sacred soul there lies
A solemn breathing pow'r which sighs,
Like odours from the scented rose,
Which slowly, but surely disclose
Its wave-pulsing splendour of truth,
Joy swath'd in the heyday of youth.
As hope invites,
And love unites,
The foam-bells on the tide of years,
To kiss away the surge of fears.

When our speech, like a mountain mere,
Mirrors emotion's mysteries clear,
Throbbing against the window-pane
Of the then filmed active brain.
Assailed, riled, fear-vexed, and wrung,
By some fever-visioned tongue,
Which vengeful casts,
Invading blasts
Charged with auguries divine,
To make the hapless victim pine.

When youthful hope the bosom fills,
And faith ascends life's emerald hills
With all her privileges high,
Heaven's artillery to ply,
'Tis then that every frowning wall
Before the columned charges fall,
A wreck complete,
Beneath our feet;
While like a glad, aspiring sun,
O'er ev'ry obstacle we run.

Rise, with the herald of the Spring,
To bathe in glory every wing;
Youth hastens on, life's sun is up,
Hope beckons from the mountain top.
God-like, with sweet serenity,
Arrayed in beams of deity.
There we'll summer,
Where no comer,
O'er life's pebble-paven river,
Shall disturb our joys for ever.

Soliloquy on Character.

An impulse has my fancy smit,
Should inspiration grant me wit,
I'll ask consummate skill to dress
My rising thoughts in loveliness;
The theme's so great, it would require
An Angel with a pen of fire,
    In Heaven's light
    The tale to write;
Still I presume with joy to trace,
In prototype, the human face.

Here joys expand and honours shine,
And drop to graves in Misery's mine;
Haughty thoughts by Love inspir'd,
Sharp-pointed, and with rapture fired,
In pride their own importance find,
And feel how hard the world's to bind,
    And subjugate,
    By passion's bate,
For zealous men, who chase for fame,
Oft die before they grasp their aim.

Yet men are men, and all who dare
Shall triumph over cold despair;
The man who strives to set his name
Upon the pedestal of fame,
Each day will find a host of foes,
Around his pathway thickly close,
    With taunting jeer,
    And scornful leer,
New-cast with care, and cheaply sold,
In some poor Witling's borrowed mould.

There are whose various cares combine
In one great business, drink and dine,
Who neither time nor treasure waste
On aught but what their lips can taste;
Their books the gossip of the town,
Their study all their own renown,
    Indulgent feast,
    So daintily dressed;
Thus, feeding well, they soon grow great,
But ne'er increase in wisdom's weight.

Great heroes some, in table talk,
Illustrious in evening walk,
For Lords and Ladies, twice three-score,
Before their names bow and adore;
And though their verbiage you may mow,
Beneath your scythe it still will grow;
    Full rank and green
    The strokes between,
Till men through etiquette admire
Their flashing equinoctial fire.

Some masquerade in reputation,
And feed their virtue on ambition,
Whose policy it is to wait
Before a patron's open gate,
Till art and application warm,
Fairly take my Lord by storm,
    And favours gain,
    In the campaign;
Catching caprice, when in glory,
To ring home the well-tim'd story.

Some are by fame so keenly fired,
And strive so much to be inspired,
They levee with large-minded men,
Who govern by their powerful pen;
But low-born wits, however vain,
Can never conquer fate and reign,
Or court, or creed,
Nor yet succeed,
With vacant, dry, laconic toil,
To charm the world with their poor style.

There are who care for naught but gold,
Who have both soul and honour sold;
They either suffer, preach, or pray,
Though lightning round their pathway play;
They smile as sweetly as the sun,
Present the joke, and point the pun.
Should they contend
To gain their end,
They love or fight with equal force,
Court, wed, elope, or wife divorce.

Others prefer to range above,
And lavish on the stars their love;
Oh! how it doth their joy enhance,
To watch the glittering planets dance,
What vast experiments they try,
To draw the secrets from the sky,
By subtle thought,
Through labour brought,
Till men of mind their art admit,
And catalogue their name in writ.

There are, also, whose pleasure lies,
Like beams of glory, in their eyes,
Attending parks and city halls,
Lectures, plays, and fancy balls,
Admiring all the painted waves
Brought into play by impious slaves;
    When by a fit
    Of frenzy smit,
They stifle nature with their art,
And petrify the high-strung heart.

Then there's the gay, embroider'd spark
Who drinks champagne and acts the clerk,
To which the barmaids tune their reeds,
Whose pert effrontery succeeds
In kindling vile, immoral fires,
Which ev'ry serpent vice inspires
    To acts obscene,
    Behind the screen,
Where impudence and snares immense
Extract the life from common sense.

And some do naught but idly roam
Beneath the world's majestic dome,
Whose study is the open street,
Their pamphlets the men they meet;
With venal tongues ejaculate
Inglorious, poor, satiric wit,
    And think they shine,
    In princely line,
Before a few indulgent eyes,
Who ne'er to honour's turrets rise.

A few there are that time divide
Between devotion, lust, and pride,
And from their haughty temple frown,
On all who wear not fortune's crown.
These only move when glory's ray
With yellow pinions flush the day,
And flattering eyes
Upon them rise,
Which, sunlike, nurse each tender shoot,
And load the stems with luscious fruit.

Then see the man of smiling mood
Who laughter makes his daily food,
And all that's bankrupt in the knack,
Are satirized with sentence black;
Their prudence in their folly lies,
Like wisdom, in an odious guise,
Commercing fun
With burlesque pun,
And treading on the loud applause
That wild enthusiasm cause.

The Poet's Counsellor.

Long, long ago, when time was young,
And music roll'd on Grecian tongue,
When grapes of gold, on Casbin's hills,
Drank sweetness from the limpid rills,
I o'er the Muses did preside,
And well I could the light notes ride;
For long my magic lute's been still,
As well this pathos breathing quill;
But brighter seems their charming smile,
For having been at rest a while.
Just now they're warming into flame,
And soon will fortune's homage claim,
For such a wealth of trenchant wit
A poet's page has never lit;
Yea, every syllable shall throb
With wonders of the mighty globe.
Some say 'tis vain again to toy
With fancy's narratives of joy;
But light, which dawns to melt the soul,
'Tis heaven's mission to control.
To-day hope's bracing voice rings clear,
Come forth and drink of pleasure's cheer;
And when the mind is fann'd to flame,
Why its effect may be the same;
Go urge each impulse into power,
Nor stop to slack your speed an hour.
The Muse is shy; who would her woo,
Must show impassioned heart and true;
My knowledge lies at your command,
Go, then, and win her heart and hand.
Come, now, each heart with grandeur string,
And make the vales of Britain ring;

Bright paint in sound the forms of joy
That flush the cheek and care destroy,
With hope's ingenious dreams of power,
Conjure to peace the passing hour.
Sweep back the phantoms of despair,
These dark stol'd visitants of care;
Full often at them thou hast laugh'd,
And turned aside their rancid shaft,
While melting glimpses fell like rain,
From love's electrifying chain.
When poesy for the poet's soul
The fetters forg'd that her control,
'Twas then that kind, congenial grace,
Illumed with light each songster's face,
And gave the wayward passion's will
To sport with fancy's mystic spell;
Light as a meteor on the lake,
Or song that sleeping echoes wake,
Around the lofty mountain grey,
And carries out the roundelay
Down to the green declivities,
Like timbrel sound on viewless breeze,
Then back to busy scenes of life,
In wondrous fascination rife,
With buskin'd limb and lineament,
To teach us lessons of content,
And perch a deathless tongue to speak
On every point of nature's peak;
Where mem'ry's rays ne'er cease to warm
The pomp and splendour of her charm,
For pleasing thoughts ring out so clear
That all creation round doth hear.
Come, drain again the festal cup,
And work your noblest feelings up;
Ambition's web is not yet spun,

Your light may soon eclipse yon sun.
Great heroes all are grave and bold,
And courage dwells in living mould;
Their speed is like the lightning's bar,
Fast flashing to the fields of war.
Uplift the glorious standard high,
Launch it upon each kindling eye;
Prove to the quiv'ring rage of zeal
The fiery chivalry we feel.
Should conflicts deepen, then be brave,
A goal of glory, or a grave;
Let our proud mottoes ever be,
Dare death before vile slavery.
The noblest passions of the soul
Are those humanity control;
But even sages, calm and wise,
To holy rapture sometimes rise.
This world's a field of deadly strife,
Where brackish envy poison's life,
And all the wisdom we can bring
Will scarcely cleanse its mountain spring.
The grandest bubble on life's stream
Is poesy mirror'd on a beam,
Out sporting in the light of love,
With fixed eye on heav'n above;
Collecting all the sweets earth yield,
From azure sky, and freshen'd field;
With trophied arts of every kind,
To move the heart, or train the mind.
No pageantry or pomp outvie
The Muse's immortality;
No brighter constellations shine
Through sin's dark cloud, oh! Muse, than thine.
Each sigh you breathe exults with glee,
Light as the red flamingo free;

Whilst, joybound, in your light canoe,
The past or future sailing thro';
Or dancing on the mountain dew,
To rippling note of wild curlew;
Sometimes companion of the bee
In halcyon independence free,
Throughout the flowery wilderness,
With zephyrs interchanging bless.
I mount on wings of strong desire,
In quest of inspiration's fire,
To yon fair land, sun-grain'd and bright,
To bathe my thoughts in heav'nly light;
Bnt sluggish thought dare scarce advance
Where radiant files of angels dance,
Yet fancy's steed is full of might
To scale the planetary height;
Though clouds condens'd their columns raise,
Whose Orient veins, and golden blaze,
Stupendous crown the crystal arch,
Triumphant fancy courts the march.
My fingers tremble at the rein,
Creation swims within my brain;
Still on my ariel courser flies,
Away through gleaming, star-watch'd skies;
Up o'er each flaming mountain chain,
And through the meteor-paved plain,
Where mingling worlds in thousands glow,
Whose blazing volumes spread and flow,
Till beams and streams all fade away,
And lose themselves in endless day.
Omnipotence new measure takes,
And wide eternity awakes;
While travelling here a ravished guest,
Surprise thrills through my trembling breast;
No darts of envy here can sting,

For every occupant's a king.
But, why should I expend such pains
Traversing those celestial plains?
As easy grasp the rainbow's foot
As through the space infinite shoot.
When yon bright sun-like sands had run,
My race would only be begun;
This earth is comely, as a whole,
With beauty fringed from pole to pole;
The sunny day in splendour teams,
Night, world-jewelled, radiant gleams.
Oh! flower robed earth, I do love thee!
How generous thou art to me!
The dewy eve, the rosy morn!
The balmy glade, the blooming thorn!
The choristers that sweetly sing
Their worship to high heaven's King!
The requiems of forest trees!
The music of the winged breeze!
Anoint life's path with many a kiss,
And fill the mem'ry with soft bliss.
The weak mind feels the great mind's might,
The dark mind basks in living light;
The strongest man the storm doth test,
The weak one stands beneath his breast;
The winds which lash to foam the sea
Scarce touch the floweret on the lea.
The sacred Muse as restless proves,
As bickering stream through pebbly groves,
Meand'ring on between its banks,
And for great pains gets slender thanks;
Like woman's weapon of defence,
She's skilled in every excellence;
Whether she plies her art to vex
The bold, or please the softer sex,

Her royally-constituted worth
Is stamped on each illustrious birth,
Like whooping eagle, unconstrained,
Excursionist through mountain land,
Far wand'ring in his skyward flight,
Assaying to outsoar the light,
Till wearied with a drooping head,
He seeks the rock from which he fled;
And, when its peaks he doth espy,
He claps his wings for very joy;
As tides which flow from neighb'ring grounds,
Return unto their native bounds;
As stars ne'er from their station veer,
Nor blazing meteors change their sphere;
The needle pointing to the north,
The centuples the sky puts forth,
Give proof unto my conscious mind,
That nature's gifts their bias find.
Some love to sail the raging seas,
In search of curiosities;
Some tread the wide, climatic road,
To see how nature thrives abroad;
Or gaze on art's well-favoured fields,
Or drink the juice Burgundy yields,
Or test the charms of damsels fair,
Who revel in the balmy air.
Another at the tropics pines,
To gather drugs from wealthy mines;
And, while temptation lights the way,
Without reluctance there they stay.
But though great joys abroad we find,
Home is the centre of the mind;
The treasures that are first possess'd,
Are magnets on our mother's breast;
Though minds to different worlds incline,

This medium all shall keep in rein.
The feet may tread a foreign shore,
Where sweet felicities implore;
Yet rage of rough, imprison'd seas,
Will be exchanged for prudent ease,
And think it folly to complain
Against the furbished lance of pain,
That we may gain the harbour home,
No place like this where'er we roam,
No picture can the Muse employ
To give a banquet of such joy.
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy or endless shame;
When time wears out the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen;
There laurels yet, on fame's green tree,
For all who hold their birthright free.
Some say we chase, with vain pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit;
And that misfortune has designed
Our best thoughts to the whirlwind.
Shall there no trace of us be found
When we have left this spacious round?
Shall no bright page of ours be read
When we have mingled with the dead?
Our blame is great if so we fall,
For God has pledged his power in all;
And, if that power is fully proved,
Then unborn ages will be moved;
Yon lamps of night must all decay,
And earth and skies shall flee away.
But truth, that pure, immortal thing,
Can lift our verse on pauseless wing,
And shrine it in seraphic grace,
To fill with light both time and space;

For aught that human wisdom knows,
A harvest yet may crown our throes.
From east to west hope's ardent eye
Can distant azure voids descry,
Where raging tempests play at large,
Untouched by poet's plough or barge.
There seasons smile, and oceans roar,
And golden Autumn yields her store.
Spread to the breeze swift poesy's sail,
Don truth's invulnerable mail;
Though mountain waves swell big with pride,
The more refreshing is the ride;
Sure as the stars inflame the Pole,
Our presence shall those waves control.
As sun and moon's unaltered ray
Look back on periods in decay,
So, with a wealth of glory stored,
Our works will live to be adored.
Now what incitement here appears
For us to immortalize the years,
That we, as men, are treading on,
While life's circuitous maze we run;
Immortal harps, awake! awake!
Sing till the nations hear and shake;
Thick clouds of darkness chase away,
With your enraptured sunny ray;
Love's accents sweet incessant roll,
On echoes swift, from pole to pole,
Until joy's bright transporting dart
Propitious smiles from every heart.
Ten thousand charms a poet wears,
And every charm some pleasure bears,
When majesty, in cogent mien,
Unveils the panoramic scene.
What secret joy dilates the breast,

What vexing cares are hushed to rest;
Each touch she gives the trembling string
Delight attunes her voice to sing,
And marshals that illustrious choir,
All taught by inspiration's fire.
Responsive booms upheaving rise,
While ardour sparkles from all eyes;
Heroic shades, in living grace,
With transport beaming on each face,
Come dancing forward to improve
The triumph of new kindled love.
There music, with its gen'rous breeze,
Soothes every aching heart to ease;
While sighing sounds with wisdom glow,
And peans rare instruction sow,
Till sense and soul alike are blest,
With images their notes suggest;
Then, fresh equipped, with mind serene,
I hie me to the sylvan scene,
To view the grandeur smiling there,
And copy nature's face so fair,
That when I come to tell my tale,
My simple language may unveil
A catalogue in every line,
Of soft sweet pleasantry divine.
What first the catalogue doth grace
Shall find herein the highest place;
Now at your peril give them room,
Impetuous, pressing, here they come;
Give ear unto their classic feet,
Incased in dulcimers discreet;
Sporting in fame's glorious race,
Led by proud genius to the chase,
None on the course appears so great
As merit in a low estate.

Whoe'er would prove a conqueror,
With wise immortals must confer;
The regal prize which beams on high,
Like luminous crescent in the sky;
The mighty fates for those designed,
Who forward run with steadfast mind;
The orient gems which ceaseless blaze
On temples canonized in praise,
Were plucked with short, expiring breath,
Beneath the frowning shades of death.
To those whose souls are tempered thus
Fame ne'er bestows a niggard bliss,
But gives the sacred flame sublime
To minds who can the highest climb.
The harmony instinct of heaven
Was to the holy prophets given;
The more at poesy's shrine they knelt,
The more of GOD they knew and felt;
That awe-inspiring might of mind,
Wherein they stand like gods enshrined,
Array'd in animated light,
To glad the heart and please the sight;
Enrolled before broad nature's face,
And hallow'd round with rays of grace.
This ever-budding, fragrant rod,
Known but to poet-kings and GOD.
No clouds of time shall ever hide
Its monuments of mental pride,
Though adamantine silence seize,
With frosty breath, and try to freeze.
As hope gives wings to morning clouds,
And veils the sky in silver shrouds,
So these will shine with golden hue,
Through hours of darkness for man's view.
Before 'twas set in verse sublime,

Or yet translated into rhyme,
Ere ever patriarchal quill
Began to play on Zion's hill,
Or men had met to praise or pray,
Or ADAM'S hair had changed to grey;
Ere parlous EVE for wisdom sought,
Or this our world to ruin brought,
Unto it audience angels gave,
And heard its marvellous music wave,
Through all the air-arrested plain
Of Heaven's paradisal fane,
Swift-moving like the winged fluid.
From out the dark depending cloud,
Whose form is fire, whose life is strength,
Sceptred, crowned, and rob'd at length;
Quick as the pulsings of the blood,
Sanguine as inspiration's flood,
Like primal morning's space-spread wings,
Whose record still great blessing brings;
With arrows and with bow of beams,
O'er life's dark mountains poesy gleams,
To Heaven's columned chrysopraise
Her students' eyes she doth upraise,
Though, at times, she sups with sorrow,
Oh! what pleasures she can borrow.
Wood, wold, and hill, field, city, sea,
With brook-bound plain and leaf-clad lea,
She leads by fancy's golden rein,
Forth for survey in jovial train.
This is the bard's peculiar aim,
To show the mind-made world's great claim,
The life-writ of his heart's behest
Is serving GOD as poet, priest.

"Love."

(The following was written in answer to a Poem received from a Lady.)

Naught so delicious is as love
  On this sublunary ball,
It lifts our thoughts to Heaven above,
  And sanctifies them all.
Its favours flit o'er nature's face
  Like shadows on the stream;
It lightens all the tracks of space
  With emulation's beam.

Love rises on the blushing morn,
  And drops from dewy cloud;
It is by every green herb worn
  That earth's fair bosom shroud.
It breathes a gale of flawless faith,
  And weeps rich tears of grace;
It hedges in joy's pleasant path,
  And drapes the rainbow's cress.

Love fringes round the mountain top
  With solemn grandeur's awe,
And down the star-tiled astral slope
  It doth sonatas draw.
Love spangles o'er the roof of night
  With iridescent smiles,
And wafts its sweet, cathartic light,
  Down on the mantled isles.

The angel-builded fane above
That shines on Zion's hill,
Is lighted with the hues of love,
Which all its chambers fill.
Eternal as the Word of Him,
Whose world-winnowing wing
O'erspans the lamps round earth's broad rim,
Which light the pond'rous ring.

O! sacred talismanic power,
Thou amulet of peace,
Protect me through each fleeting hour
Of life's recondite race.
Guide thou me scathless to the goal
By augury divine;
Correct, Oh! love, the bloated roll
Which I must shortly sign.

Bless every tongue that speaks my weal
With fruitage ripe from Heaven;
And may thy great eternal seal
Be on their soul engraven.
Reveal thyself unto the fair
Who smile upon my page;
Let all that is both good and rare
Rise in their tutelage.

Autumn—The Song of the Derwent.

The care-burdened city I've left for a while,
  Enamoured with nature by Derwent to stray,
There bask in the beams of her saffron smile,
  And study the grandeur which bounty display.

Already the hue of the yellow appears
  On green perfumed leaves, where blossoms were born;
The first breath of Autumn the beechen tree seres,
  Where plaintive winds meet o'er their fragrance to mourn.

The fleet-footed Summer, so cloudless and clear,
  Departs from our view like a shadow's swift glance;
With azure blue eye, bedimmed by a tear,
  Back gazing on beauty subdued in a trance.

The cup of the blue-bell now drooping down turns,
  And fresh dews of twilight no longer descend
On silk-covered stems, whence lustre outburns,
  To gladden the glen where sweet Derwent's waves wend.

The wild rose that shone on the stalk of the brier,
  Has gone with its power of enchantment and bliss;
And mute cower the birds, whose eloquent fire
  Gave music and mirth to each ambushed recess.

Now hushed is the voice of each song-laden dell,
  Where tranquil and silent sweet Derwent's waves glide;
Yet over my soul comes a rapturous spell,
  To strengthen the Muse for her magical ride.

Historic old Axwell, and ancient Gibside,
Which love's fairy pencil time taught to illume,
Beneath the green mazes of sylvan tress'd pride,
Or yellow laburnums prolific in bloom.

The keen pleading tone of the wood-pigeon's note,
From fringes of pine-wood out-breathing their balm,
No longer resound through the green glancing grot,
Like pleasing refrain of a pastoral psalm.

The flowerets of nature are left to decay,
Daisies and buttercups, pensile and fair,
Which lit up the valleys with luminous ray,
And breathed out their odour to perfume the air.

Yon fir-belted lawn June pictured so gay,
And kissed with expressions of kindling joy,
Now rueful lies stripped of its glory to-day,
All its jewels are left to languish and die.

But why should we grieve for the fall of the flower,
Sweet beauty has made her retreat to the town;
She's gone with much vintage from green mead and bower,
Gemmed over with pearls, rich, buxom, and brown.

And soon she'll return when angel-faced Spring
Brings back to his chariot the fiery-winged sun;
Again those sweet dells with sweet anthems will ring,
When fresh-mantled in smiles fair Summer comes on.

Ode to Poets.

Ye who would soar on "Homer's wing,"
And love's alluring passions sing,
Or strike again Anacreon's lyre,
To fill the page with tragic fire,
Let ardour from your bosoms rise,
And wing its incense to the skies;
Never let, that generous flame
Feel the humbling blush of shame;
Let naught obstruct thy nice survey,
Or aught sweet modesty betray;
Advent'rous let each spirit soar,
Celestial beauty to explore;
Along time's tempest-beaten strand
Let fancy ply her magic wand.
Go forth, traverse the realms of light,
And quaff the cup of dear delight;
For, when at poesy's hallow'd shrine,
We poets hail the power divine;
And when boon nature round us pours
The nectar of her pleasing stores,
We golden goblets fill and drain,
Then strike the harp with might and main,
While every quiver proves a dart,
Conveying joy straight to the heart;
But, still the sweep of skilful hand
Cannot such harmonies command,
As drew the listening trees apace,
On Tiber's banks, to dance with grace.
'Tis hard, but patience must endure,
To bear the flaws it cannot cure;

Each tone must reap its own applause,
In tints of truth on nature's laws;
Like beauty's queen, amid the isles,
Out sowing captivating smiles,
Among the azure fields of air,
Serene as Heaven, and pure as fair;
Her beaming eyes, in full employ,
Transmitting pleasure, love, and joy.
Yes; labour on, with hope elate,
Move forth in awe-inspiring state,
Till Heaven, and all the stars that run
Their silent circuits round the sun,
Yield up to thy research and sign
Your conquering energy divine.
And when you reach that golden mien,
Which doth your noblest wish contain,
Poise your strength, and nurse your power,
There's further trials to endure;
Still press thy claims with eager strife,
Peace lies beyond the mark of life;
That treasure gained may not be sold,
Nor brib'd away by gems or gold.
I'd rather be a poet priest,
With fervid vein of genius blest,
Led forth, by fancy, in the train
Of noble intellect to reign;
Then be the bearer of a name
Which gold lifts to the throne of fame;
For then o'er envy I could soar,
And feel its pois'nous sting no more,
Where stainless virtue e'en would shine
On claims and honours, nor decline;
Bright girded round with glories great,
Full conscious of my blest estate,
With countenance serenely gay,

And balanced sentence form'd for sway.
The coming age I'd count mine own,
To mould at will, and give it tone;
Those freshly, glowing, young desires,
Which every human bosom fires,
With longings for some distant joy
Which, as we grasp, begins to cloy;
For "poets are the world's teachers,
Love's disciples, and her preachers."

Snow.

How pure is the snow, the beautiful snow,
Dancing down on the earth below,
Kissing the tops of the mountains green,
Gemming the valleys with crystal sheen;
Whirling cheerily through the air,
Making the world look all so fair.

Watch how it wheels in its virgin flight,
On feathery pennons soft and light,
Gently falling to carpet the ground,
Muffling the traffic's humming sound;
Sweeping along, so buoyant and fast,
On the slanting boreal blast.

Shrouding the city in radiance sweet,
Clothing the forms out in the street,
Hailing, with kisses, the new-born smile,
Trembling in pity all the while;
Soft as the sigh of the morning beam,
Frisking over the placid stream.

Fanning the cheek of the youthful maid,
Mantling over the leafless glade;
Loading the boughs of desolate trees,
Sheltering them from the angry breeze;
Studding with pearls the skirts of night,
Dressing nature in nuptial white.

The Lark.

Bird with the dewy crest,
And grey speckled breast,
With what rapture I list
On the moorland to thee.

All unconscious of care,
Among broad-belting air,
I can never compare
My enjoyment with thee.

High over the lone cot,
And yellow-flower'd moat,
Your sweet cadences float
In soft dalliance free.

Aloft to the cloudland,
On wings trenchant you wend,
Could I pinions command,
Thy companion I'd be.

Yes; light-hearted I'd roam
To the blue-curtained dome,
And gaze in at the home
Of blest spirits with thee.

Bird with the dewy crest,
And grey speckled breast,
Oh! how vernal's thy nest
On the sweet-scented lea.

An Autumn Soliloquy.

'Tis Autumn, but the sun's warm beams still stay
To cheer the earth, and the moon's mild ray
So silvers o'er the night; the air so bland,
One fancies heart-reviving Spring at hand.

Silent and sober rest the winged throng,
All nature's still; the thrush's mellow song,
Which startles and enchants each listening ear,
Is heard no more to pipe his gen'rous cheer.

The sullen shadow, pacing by my side,
Seems somehow meant to mock my cherished pride;
Or rather, tent as monitor and friend,
Counsel to give, or precept kind to lend.

I wonder what I am, and where I go,
Turn in my thoughts to search, and let me know;
Reveal my character and present state,
My future prospects, my eternal fate.

The hand which hung yon brilliant lamp on high,
With fiery studs adorn'd the azure sky,
Gave me a living soul, built up this frame,
And balanc'd reason's intellectual flame.

All nature serves its Maker, so should I
To this end make my thoughts and acts comply;
E'en yon bright fount which pours the blazing day,
Is serving dew-drops with its glitt'ring ray.

My heart swells big with gratitude and love,
As faith's keen eye scans yon bright world above,
For hosts of shining ones, with pitying eyes,
Are smiling tenderness from Paradise.

There's not a tinted blossom on the tree,
Or singing bird, or busy working bee,
But proves His power Whose plans are all divine
Who man to save did all perfection join.

There's not a flower in the summer grows,
Nor a snow-flake in the winter blows,
But whispers knowledge to the human heart,
And shows us cunning pencilling of art.

Oh! then, what prospects to my soul appears,
Beyond the twinkling stars and rolling spheres,
For when I cease to sing life's thrilling song,
I join the everlasting happy throng.

The Human Mind.

How facile and free is the mind,
No fetters forg'd by man can bind
Or bar its spacious way;
It skims this wide terrestial sphere,
As light as winged elysian air,
As jubilant and gay;
It drinks the cordial from love's cup,
And leads the victor's train;
It lifts embrown'd industry up
On honour's throne to reign.
So quaintly and gently,
Singing as it goes,
Aye flashing and dashing,
Revealing what it knows.

The mind has secrets to reveal
That yet lie under GOD'S own seal;
What wonders of research
Is in its well-fledged, downy wings;
What light from Heaven's court it brings
Down yonder starry arch.
It wanders where the silvery sun
Has never sent one beam,
Unswerving onward it doth run
By hallow'd joy's sweet stream.
Inspiring and firing
Devotion's upward glance,
Still watching and catching
At every passing chance.

It sounds Erac's rocky dells,
And rings imperial Salem's bells;
It wakes the minstrel's song
The Great Creator's Name to praise,
Draws down on earth fair glory's rays
Upon the blood-wash'd throng.
The choicest gems in nature's mould,
Or dark Golgunda's mine,
Pales down before the lustre bold
That from the mind outshine.
Its charming and warming
The nations with its bliss,
Soft blushing and flushing
With animation's kiss.

The Birthday by Grace.

With joy I hail the glorious morn,
The day my soul by grace was born,
That day to me is doubly blest,
On it I found the promised rest.

Oppressed beneath a painful load,
Rushing down the deathward road,
Despising holy wisdom's voice,
Vice-bound I had no other choice.

Impelled by passion's luring bait,
To play at the infernal gate,
Rejecting love and all her claims,
Tampering with vile scourging flames.

Till ruin's liquid, lapping wave,
Came seething with its warning grave,
'Twas then I heard the Word of God,
And chose for good the upward road.

"Return," a voice like thunder cries,
"Return," reverberate the skies,
"Return," dreamer, love exclaims,
Retreat from out the burning flames.

Ten thousand envoys loudly cry,
"Return, O soul, why will ye die."
Repentance on swift pinions rise,
And bears, I will, unto the skies.

Affrighted now I backward hied,
And wept that I had Heaven defied,
Wondering how abandoned me
Should thus by Mercy saved be.

But a sweet angel gently sped
To tell me One had fought and bled,
While hosts of seraphims replied,
For you He shed His blood and died.

Go wash thee in that sacred flood
Of precious wonder-working blood;
Come lay thy guilt down at His feet,
And let His will thy wants all meet.

Resound your harps celestial choirs,
Heavenly hosts strike up your lyres;
Let earth and sky hosannas sing
Unto salvation's mighty King.

With joy proclaim the glorious morn,
That day my soul by grace was born;
That day to me is doubly blest,
On it I found the promised rest.

Ode to Experience.

Oh! what a dreary place
Is this I'm called to tread,
I long for light, I long for grace,
For ah! what tears bedew my face,
I feel all joys are fled;
Man, born to grief,
Sighs for relief,
And hopes that life, with all its woes, will be but brief.

A stranger far from home,
I tread this weary road;
Onward with fainting steps I roam,
And panting cry Redeemer come,
And ease me of this load;
Support my soul,
While billows roll,
Bear me away beyond the ken of either pole.

Life's full of bitter strife,
Each moment's cloth'd with dread;
For help I cry, my loathing's rife,
I long for death's keen friendly knife,
To cut the brittle thread.
Oh! care-worn breast,
Soon thou shalt rest
In Heaven's sweet home, to dwell for ever with the blest.

My leaky bark's at sea,
The sport of every gale;
The tempest roars, the port I see,
And Lord my compass points to Thee.
Saints and angels hail,
Though surges toss,
And troubles cross,
Wrecked upon life's main I give up all for lost.

How long in strife, how long
Shall this poor bark remain,
So far from home, rude waves among,
Where no triumphant victor's song
E'er sounds across the main;
Behold, I sail,
And catch the gale,
That wafts me in where sweet praises never fail.

Farewell, ye dang'rous deep,
Boist'rous waves farewell,
My corpse can 'neath thy green lave sleep,
For there my heart will cease to weep;
No more could terrors quell,
Safe anchor'd here,
I'd know no fear,
And never, no never more should I shed a tear.

Ye glorious, gliding streams,
Why should I thus complain?
I feel the sweet meridian beams
Illume my mind with rapt'rous themes,
And grand seraphic strain
My bosom swell,
And who can tell
What joys ecstatic in these blest regions dwell.

Roll on ye fleeting years,
Haste with the judgment day;
Come forth, my LORD, dispel our fears,
Come in Thy pomp and dry our tears,
Thy wondrous Self display;
Behold, earth flies,
The dead arise,
And all the sainted throng scale the ethereal skies.

A World of Sorrow.

(LINES PENNED ON SEEING A PICTURE WITH THE ABOVE TITLE.)

The rude billow of strife,
And the cold gales of care,
Have muffled my life
With the foam of despair.

I must drop here and die
By the vengeance of fate,
'Neath a dark, sunless sky,
At humanity's gate.

While I'm dreaming of days
When my head lay at rest,
In love's mellow rays,
On my kind mother's breast.

The joy-kindling eye
Of my father, which shone
O'er my mother and I
With its language is gone.

And those billows of strife,
With their surgings of care,
Are choking my life
In the foam of despair.

Soliloquy on Life.

How various are the mariners' days
  On life's tempestuous sea,
How devious the chequered ways,
  What strange events I see!

When pleasant hours glide sweetly on,
  And health and strength remain,
But ah! how soon that comfort's gone,
  And I return to pain.

The former aids my active mind,
  And lends me wings to fly;
The latter doth my spirit bind,
  And makes me prostrate lie.

A joyful gale of prosperous scenes
  Again my thoughts attend,
While everything that intervenes
  My views and hopes befriend.

When gathering torrents o'er me burst,
  My soul assumes death's pall;
Faithless I quit my earthly trust,
  And low beneath them fall.

To-day my garment's wet with tears,
  And hope and I are one;
To-morrow loads my heart with fears,
  And makes me cry "undone."

One hour I struggle hard with fate,
  Unmoved withstand her blow,
The next bow'd down in woeful state,
  As heartless, faint, and low.

A moment more bright prospects rise,
  Then big with hope I read,
Anon, alas! the vision flies,
  And troubles supersede.

As sure as peace enchants my soul,
  And fans the flame of love,
As sure dark billows o'er me roll,
  My faith again to prove.

Sometimes my heart seems almost clean,
  And Psalmist like I sing,
But when I turn my thought within,
  My conscience gives a sting.

They lecture guilty, wretched me,
  "Abase yourself," they cry,
Until repentance sets me free,
  And all my terrors fly.

I wonder oft as I pursue
  This chequered path of tears,
If creaturehood could ever shew
  One so brimful of fears.

But as I analyse my cross,
  God's Word reveals to me,
That He did suffer greater loss
  Who died to set me free.

A Bundle of Myrrh is my Well-beloved unto Me.

He's formed for sway
Whom I portray,
The monarch's written on his cheek;
Joy, love, and awe,
Sun braid the law,
Which through red blushes furtive speak.

While honour's light
Puts fear to flight,
For triumph on his temples shine;
The golden blaze,
Of well-won praise,
Around his perfumed name I'll twine.

His auburn hair,
O'er brow so fair,
Both amply curled and neatly shed,
Like splendour lies,
Round two such eyes,
As ne'er before graced human head.

There gaze expert
Thrills through my heart,
And heats the current of my blood;
While reason flings
Her downy wings
Inert on pleasure's sparkling flood.

An equal claim
He has to fame,
For secrets of six thousand years
Like echoes rest
Within his breast,
While large-soul'd wit his speech outbears.

His voice the source
Of victor's force,
Which round his lips like glory curls,
Where wonders dwell,
And blessings swell,
And honour drops impassioned pearls.

The startling gleam
Of music's stream
Has touched with mirth's electric wave,
And vital fire
His breathing lyre,
And taught it deathless strains to rave.

Those strains resound
Through earth's wide bounds,
Great minstrels to that song reply;
He leads the choir,
While all conspire
With voice and lute to lift it high.

With nimble feet
The peals repeat,
For all the sister Muses nine,
Exert their skill,
And GOD-like will,
His harp to fill with pathos fine.

Such notes profound,
With trancing sound,
Up warble to the pendent clouds,
Till all admire
The tempered fire,
That thrills those vapours into shrouds.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave, nor wind,
Can e'er engulph with envious frown;
Such joys subsist,
Though fates resist,
And tyrants rage beneath its throne.

And such a mind
In him I find,
Where excellence with genius reign;
Yon shining ball
May quench and fall.
But he for ever shall be mine.

"As the Lily among Thorns, so is my Love among the Daughters.

Indulgent praise
Inspire my lays,
Great is the theme I wish to sing;
Each attribute
To pleasure suit,
And o'er my verse perfection fling.

No Roman ode
Bears such a load
Of excellence, divinely strong;
For every grace,
Adorns the face,
Of her who prompts my rising song.

No hero's praise
Can fire my lays
Like hers, with whom this lay began;
For love sincere,
And courage clear,
Two columns raise fair as the sun.

She wears the palm
For wisdom's balm
O'er all the charming maids I know;
Her very name
Conveys a flame
Which sets my bosom all aglow.

Oh! could my pen
On glowing line
Her excellence superbly place,
Such witching charms
My soul so warms,
The words melt e'er I can them trace.

But every wile
With cautious toil
In transport yet shall act their part,
Till pathos sweet
Her vows repeat
On passion throbbing round the heart.

When woman charms,
And music warms,
'Tis then we nobly dare be brave;
For worth inflames,
While virtue claims
To hold proud empire o'er the grave.

A scanty span
Is spared for man,
On this round, sublunary ball;
But hope down brings,
On whisp'ring wings,
A pledge of ecstasy to all.

My love's a pledge,
On Heaven's ledge,
Which draws my soul to that sweet clime;
Though years must fly,
And pleasures die,
Ripe wisdom spans the gulf of time.

Our life's not long,
And soon we'll throng
Blest occupants on glory's shore,
When every breast
True love invest,
Will hence on guarded wings upsoar.

Friend from my side,
Life's laurell'd pride,
Full richly freighted you I'll give;
Like hero bold,
I'll glory fold,
Around the sanctum where you live.

A Hymeneal Ode.

TO A FRIEND, ON THE EVENT OF HIS MARRIAGE.

My pen can scarcely well refrain
From its high-flying, angry strain,
For a critic full of knowledge,
Glean'd in the world's open college,
Without precept, aid, or books,
Down on my simple effort looks.
Why should the lions of our age
With clam'rous tongues 'gainst peace engage,
And seek occasion to oppress
The lowly moping lamb of grace?
But glad I am, my friend, to hear
You've gained distinction in a wife.
Now, should disquietude appear,
Keep always foremost in the strife;
For once the wife's pert elocution,
To flame the coals of discord blow,
No peace-erected constitution
But what her tongue will overthrow.

Now here my language I must tame,
Or I may injure your fair dame.
Love, youth, and beauty charm the brave,
And every poet is their slave;
When doubts or discontent arise,
A wife's a fountain full of joys;
Her kind forbearance oft atone
For harsh severities which frown,
To torment, irritate, and vex,
The toiling mercenary sex.

I've sailed myself the seas of life,
Beneath the ray of beauty's spell,
I've also fought on fields of strife,
And quenched my thirst at Hymen's well.
Youth's gilt cup I've filled in pleasure,
Full to the brim with love's discourse,
In the shady lanes when leisure
Amplified its winning force.

Much pleased I am that love has wrought
Within thy breast the pious thought,
And guided forth your eye to see
The use of such variety.
I hope joy animates the gaze,
And leads you to the shrine of praise;
For when we think how wives were formed,
From ribs by breath eternal warmed,
To furnish man with blooming joys,
Our thoughts are lost in blest surprise.
A virtuous and a loving wife
Deserves her husband's highest praise,
And tender usage of her life
Should all her best affections raise;
But when such kind results as these
For want of prudence we neglect,
'Tis vain to think our wives will please,
Or grant us their high-toned respect.

I also trust, 'neath kindly care,
Your wife will grow divinely fair,
Indulge you with a beauteous race,
Which will their father's gifts express,
That generations yet to be
May read in them his poetry.

This breath, on which our lives depend,
Like to a parting sigh we spend;
Soon will the soul her prison break,
And, eagle-like, her freedom take.
I hope, dear friend, you've had a care
To choose a wife that is no flirt,
For patience with a shrew that's fair
Makes her more insolent and pert;
The only way to shun these elves,
Where numbers do their ruin find,
Is choosing women like ourselves,
In fortune, figure, taste, and mind.

Written on the occasion of a Silver Wedding.

Illustrious Muse tune thou my tongue,
Like harp of golden string,
Help me to raise my lofty song
On love's triumphant wing.

Along the mazes of your strains
Flows force divinely sweet,
In sympathy's harmonious veins
Allurement's pleasures meet.

The sparkling streams of youthful love
Which makes the bosom swell,
Still through their crystal channels rove
Beneath life's sacred spell.

As fair the tree of pleasure grows
To shed its timely fruit,
As when young life hung on its boughs,
And sprung from every root.

Years may have o'er your temples thrown
A veil of thought and care,
But reason hath profusely sown
Her seeds of honour there.

Kindred spirits are born for fears
Which spring from sorrow's mine,
But sympathy dissolved in tears
The pangs of life refine.

When sorrow sinks before delight,
  True love illumes the soul,
And rays of sweet, conjugal light,
  Flash round the dusky pole.

Blest wedlock's soft and silver thread
  Gilds all the web of life,
While hope and courage peace persuade
  To throw aside all strife.

Yea wedlock's like a glorious sun
  Which radiates our days,
And casts a spell of beauty down
  On wisdom's well-won bays.

I hope yet long great Nature's wheel
  May tell you happy hours,
Provide you draughts from pleasure's well,
  'Neath love's pavilioned bowers.

Then when your glass of life is run
  To venerable age,
And all its vital cords are spun
  Upon this mortal stage,

You'll bless the hand that led your way
  Through every dawning hour,
In flowery paths of youth's heyday,
  And gave you marching power.

Woman's Charms.

I'll tune my harp to woman's charms,
For at her flame my bosom warms,
Her lily neck and waxen arms
Arrest my eye, and prompts a sigh.

The various passions in my breast
Like rivals rise in eager zest,
Their powerful auguries to test,
In friendship bright and sweet delight.

Far richer than Falernian wine
Is this alluring cup of mine;
'Tis this that makes the features shine
With pleasing care and will to bear.

Who that has seen the genial rays
Which round the love-lit forehead plays,
But what has felt the vernal blaze
Thrill through his heart with magic art.

The very surges on life's main,
The baleful drops of sorrow's rain,
The deeds of war, and hours of pain,
Beneath love's ray dissolve away.

Let woman list the glad refrain,
Nor think these sacred honours vain,
That warble through a bliss-fill'd vein,
With vagrant will and native skill.

Come, Sing a Song to me, my Love.

Come, sing a song to me, my love,
  Thou knowest how I long,
Resume thy harp again and give
  Another melting song.
I've listened oft with secret joy,
  And half-veil'd swimming eyes,
Unto the soaring minstrel boy
  Who sings with such surprise.

Men shall adore thee, I contend,
  Of every creed and clime,
And forth thy name on history send
  Throughout the course of Time;
The wise in speech, in sense, and mind,
  The soldier, sage, and priest,
King, prophet, hero, bard, will find
  Within thy lays a feast.

The old, the young, the rich, the poor,
  Coy maiden, and strong youth,
Shall draw sweet pleasure from thy store,
  And praise its flavoured truth.
When time's grey wing shall winnow all
  Base metal from life's gold,
And every warranty appal,
  And love herself grows old.

The rising wavelets of your song,
  Light as galactic air,
Will dance on every human tongue
  Dame Nature doth prepare.

The boundless elemental whole
  Of incarnation's train,
Tears from the socket of its soul
  Will on thy memory reign.

That rich, mysterious gift divine,
  Self-conscious of its life,
Imbues itself on every line
  Without a sign of strife.
Around thy wide-spread disc of fame
  Shines honour's blazing star;
Spite, lust, and pride quake when thy name
  Sounds on the field of war.

A brainless mass of copyists
  May flicker, flash, and vie,
But soon their laboured, rayless lists
  Beneath time's gaze will die.
Like shifting shadows in the sun,
  Or waves that mark the sea,
They'll sigh the syllables undone,
  And shift with woe is me.

Thoughts on Christmas.

Go forth, my soul, assert thy might,
And celebrate the sweet delight
That dawns on Christmas Day.
Think how those mercies, rich and free,
Were brought from Heaven to earth for thee,
On primeval Christmas Day.

This world, long veil'd in dark'ning gloom,
Now sheds its truth-empurpled bloom
On natal Christmas Day.
Could light of Patriarch's compare,
Or SOLOMON such glories wear,
As doth this Christmas Day.

The Word came singing into space
To conquer death by gifts of grace,
On hallow'd Christmas Day;
Hell, listening, heard the holy chime
Ring through her deep infernal clime,
Man's SAVIOUR's come to-day.

The SAVIOUR came with wealth untold,
He came great wisdom to unfold,
To Him your voices lift.
In Him we find a plenteous store,
His goodness makes life's cup run o'er
With many a various gift.

By Him the mighty love of God
Within our hearts is shed abroad;
He gives the weary rest.
The vast creation owns Him King,
And every lip His praise should sing,
The noblest and the best.

How wond'rous kind is CHRIST to us,
In scattering joy and wisdom thus,
To sate those wants of ours.
And if such fulness now is given,
What will follow, then, in Heaven,
Among the golden towers.

Oh! if I could but enter now,
And low before His footstool bow,
And show the jewel He gave,
Then with the angels I would raise,
My voice in everlasting praise,
To Him Who came to save.

Dear HOLY GHOST teach me the song,
Sung by that bright celestial throng,
Who first revealed Thy Name
To lonely shepherds, poor and weak,
And gave them fortitude to speak,
Thine Advent to proclaim.

I pray Thee let Thy gracious showers
Invigorate my languid powers,
That they may thrive and grow;
Come, fill with blessings every place,
Till fruits of faith shoot up apace
In all who dwell below.

Reflections under the Last Moon of the Old Year.

The woods were enrobed in their garments of snow,
And the moon lit the vale with her phosphorus glow;
Awhile I paus'd to think and breathe,
The snow-clad branches underneath,
To watch the moon's fantastic wave
Dance o'er the lily's silent grave;
Short appear'd to me the time
Since she stood in virgin prime,
So chaste and fair,
In summer air,
Extending her petals slim, graceful, and sweet,
And bathing with tears my irreverent feet.

Then odours ambrosial seasoned the earth,
And Nature rejoiced in her amplified birth;
Her genius and industrious art
Had set a gem on every part,
And by her robes, gay and serene,
Showed herself a regal Queen;
Ruler of the spacious sky,
Where unnumbered orbits lie,
In sweet retreat,
Praise to repeat,
Along the descent of the glory gilt way,
And out through the gates of the blazing day.

The fair orb of night with celestial ray
Was gilding the glades where I chanced to stray,
When, mov'd by pity's soft extreme,
I felt my soul glow into flame;

For fancy's pencil set to paint,
To me a sense-delighting haunt,
Full of joy and hallow'd bliss,
And the view contrasts with this
Cold Winter scene,
Where grim death reigns;
Still methinks I can hear that well-lov'd voice ring,
Now translated by death to eternal Spring.

Sweet Spring-tide will burnish those arbours again,
And balmy breath'd Summer revisit the plain,
While Time hands round from land to land,
His cautious running glass of sand,
Dressing the dells from year to year,
And vouchsafing sovereign cheer
To the shining floweret race,
Shedding lustre o'er earth's face,
While studious man
Beholds the plan,
Exulting on pinions of wonder and praise,
And thought e'en at moonbeams enkindle her rays.

Jubilee Banquet, in Jesmond Dene, to School Teachers and Officers.

(GIVEN BY THE MEMBERS OF THE NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE SCHOOL BOARD.

We went not thither solely just to trace
The varied beauties of the place,
Tho' science, art, and nature there combine
To make the glowing prospect shine,
Beneath the ancient pine trees' classic pride,
Where Ouse's wreath-bound waters glide.

Nay, rather woo'd by joy and glad surprise,
To sun ourselves 'neath friendly eyes,
The favour'd grateful guests of high-soul'd men,
Ye pow'rs descriptive aid my pen;
No place more fit to banquet in, I ween,
Than Jesmond's sweet secluded Dene.

What tides of potent bliss illume the soul,
What raptures o'er the heart-strings roll,
When kindly jokes the laughing hours beguile,
And friendship triumphs in a smile?
When spirits into fervid spirits drink,
And eyes reciprocate love's blink?

Here health's pure balm is wafted on the gale,
And charms unrivall'd braid the vale;
Beauties, refresh'd by dews of opening day,
Outbrave the sun's unclouded ray,
While contemplation's pilgrim feet pursue
Soft-tinted Truth's celestial hue.

Here Nature smiles at science and our schools,
And widens philosophic rules;
Auspicious zephyrs, stealing to repose,
Their triumphs to our minds disclose.
Long may these fragrant bowers renew their bloom,
And yield to man their rich perfume

Oft have these scenes proud fancy's eye refined,
And breath'd enchantment o'er the mind;
Beneath the shady grandeur of whose boughs
There's many a poet pledged his vows,
And many a race has verg'd its narrow span,
Since first Old Ouse thro' Jesmond ran.

Here russet tints with taste and talent blend,
Which help young genius to ascend
To thoughts beneficient beyond compare,
Which brace the mind to do and dare,
Till swelling strains of gratitude up start,
And eddy round the ardent heart.

The waters tinkling thro' their time-groov'd way
Awake the Muse's keen survey,
Then gushing forth resistless raptures tell
To echo in her moss-lined cell,
The flowery beauty and the magic pow'r
That lies in Jesmond's frondy bow'r.

When evening breezes flap their dewy wings
On Jesmond Dene's enchanting strings,
And fancies flaunt where flowers unfold
Their streaks of vegetative gold
Round ruins antique, clad in ivy green,
How sweet's the hour in Jesmond Dene.

When powder'd blue-bells 'mong the witch-grass ring,
And birds on nodding blossoms sing,
When love's luxuriance floats from bough to bough,
As pairs convene to seal the vow,
Then young affection's most endearing smiles
Lends Jesmond Dene ten thousand wiles.

To a Young Lady on reaching her Eighteenth Birthday.

While youth's clear orb is shining sweet
  Down on life's morning path,
Ask heavenly aid to guide thy feet
  In purity and faith.

The tempter lurks among the flow'rs
  That gem the distant dells,
And you will need all virtue's powers
  To break his cursed spells.

A host of vanities will try
  To win thee by foul wiles,
And, should you to their wish comply,
  Farewell to honour's smiles.

Take for your guide the light of life,
  And let it lead you on,
Beyond all earthly scenes of strife,
  Where suns have never shone.

Musings by a River.

Sparkling, smooth, and winding river,
  Kissed by solar beam and breeze,
What a ceaseless, true endeavour
  You are making to the seas.

Gurgling, rippling, gentle river,
  Flowing 'neath ancestral trees,
How your liquid pinions quiver
  Through yon flow'r-enamelled lea.

Swinging, chiming, sweeping river,
  Creeping round the mountain side,
Till thy lute-voic'd wavelet shiver
  O'er the vaulted rocks with pride.

Smiling, dancing, singing river,
  Hurrying on to other isles,
Shall thy restless motion never
  Weary of its endless toils.

Pageless, timeless, crystal river,
  Tedious, sleepless, calm, and free,
Nature cannot boast a giver
  More beneficent than thee.

Moon reflecting, wand'ring river,
  Purpled with night's starry hue,
All the oozing founts deliver
  Up their treasur'd stores to you.

Singing, sighing, humming river,
  Flooding grot and tufted dell,
With the ancient semiquaver
  That on Eden's myrtles fell.

Splashing, tossing, foaming river,
  Dashing over caverns deep,
Passing gulf and height more clever
  Than the gales that forests sweep.

Interlaced and bow'r-bound river,
  Rolled through channel, cloud, and sea,
Down the groves of change for ever
  To an unknown destiny.

Joyous, jesting, pregnant river,
  With melodious buoyant glee,
Could I rise to thy endeavour,
  Oh! how useful I would be.

Sonnets.

The Temple of Faith.

This world's a solemn temple unto me,
Filled with awe pervading majesty,
The sun which gilds the firmament above,
That changeless emblem of exhaustless love,
Who measures time, and over earth presides,
Whose universal courtesy and pride
Shines gloriously, indeed, but brighter far
Is faith to me than sun, or moon, or star.
From it ten thousand streams of interest flow,
To glad the face of Nature here below,
And flood the earth with joy, and love, and bliss;
O! what a grand, sublime, conception's this,
Faith's noble monuments o'erwhelm the sight,
Of all who stand in its supernal light.

To Hope.

Hope, brightest luminary in the sky
Of our mental vision, luring the mind
Forward through all the vacancies of sense,
Animating and electrifying
Man to the pursuit of all that is good
And praiseworthy in the circles of life;
Expanding and enlivening energy
To light the path of the philanthropist
In his wide travels for humanity.
Inspiring the serf with deliverance,
And wreathing the toiler's brow with success;
Obstacles all but unsurmountable,
With vast voids of thought unnavigable,
Open before thy opalescent beam.

On being asked to delineate a Young Lady's Character.

How dare you boldly ask me to explain,
That lovely treasure shining in your eyes?
Such wondrous knowledge angels ask in vain,
Alas! it fills those creatures with surprise.
This coldly scanning world shall never know,
Or judge aright, a woman's native zest;
The whispering source of wealth which lies below
Can never be by mortal tongue expressed.
While warring elements of treacherous sin
Their rude audacious pranks so cruelly play;
No earthly wisdom can the prize divine,
That is so closely wrapp'd in folds of clay.
Vain thought, thy pensive power can never trace
The jewel which relumes a woman's face.

To a Friend.

O! may heaven support thy sweet belief,
It gives my conscious bosom blest relief,
To hear thy kindly pen describe so well
My humble efforts, and their wonders tell.
You've often watch'd me mount my themes and try
To clap my wings against the star-pav'd sky,
And pleased I am to hear you thus rehearse
The sallies of my passion-pointed verse.
Whatever truths the Muse to me unfold,
I pledge my word to you they shall be told;
Meanwhile I'll prove myself, and train my mind
To grasp the dignity of human kind,
Rule well my life by Heaven's highest plan,
Till I outstrip the angel in the man.

To a Critic.

The man who dips his pen in mirth to scoff,
Or sets his idiotic laughter off,
Or uses poesy's bit and brace to drill
Faults in another's philosophic skill,
Then blows his puerile vapours through the hole,
Doth doubly earn the epithet of fool.
Was critic blessed with half-a-grain of sense,
He would not hazard such a frail defence;
With Muse so awkward, dry, and unpolite,
Base-born, unfledged, unqualified for flight,
His waggish style, and virulent address,
The height of pride and impudence confess,
As scant of courtesy are his poor strains,
As if they'd issued from some coxcomb's brains.

Songs.

Lavinia.

Come forth, LAVINIA, to the grove,
  How fair the prospect round us lies,
Light-hearted through the woods we'll rove,
  And drink the bliss that love supplies.

The winds are sleeping on the plain,
  Where flowery-kirtled naiades play,
The golden wheels of SOL'S last train
  Are passing by another day.

The pure-ey'd wand'ring Queen of Night
  Hath stamped her smile on yonder cloud,
And twin'd a chaste and sacred light
  Around the leaf-fring'd hazel shroud.

Inspiring fancy's keen desire
  Is moving every votive spring,
While fretful passions fan the fire,
  And tinkle on each gen'rous string.

Come, dear LAVINIA, take my arm,
  O! quench this scourging flame of strife,
There's such a virtue in thy charm,
  I'd feel no more the ills of life.

The Flush is on the Morn.

The flush is on the morn,
  The gleam is on the grass,
And the bloom is on the thorn
  Where the lover meets his lass.

The blush is on the rose,
  The bee is at the sweet,
And the graceful lily blows
  In the shady, cool retreat.

The birds are full of glee,
  The echo's on the wing,
And the daisy-dappl'd lea
  With a thousand anthems ring.

But beauty's choicest grace
  Grows languid, staid, and pale,
When contrasted with the face
  That I met in Derwent Vale.

Alice Lee.

She's blithesome as the zephyr
That sips the summer dew,
And she's fairer far than lily
The valley ever grew;
Her eyes beam like the sapphire
So beautiful on me,
Earth never gave a sweeter flow'r
Than lovely ALICE LEE.

Were I the King of England,
With all the world beside,
I would give my crown with pleasure
To have her for my bride.
Her blissful lips, O! sweet repast,
Denied, alas! to me;
Earth never gave a sweeter flow'r
Than lovely ALICE LEE.

The moon may lose her lustre,
The stars their sober glare,
Yea, the sea may change her motion,
And leave her channel bare;
But my love, with noble purpose,
Shall ever centr'd be
On perfection's sweetest creature,
My lovely ALICE LEE.

The Summer Eve was Balmy.

The summer eve was balmy,
The sun had sunken low,
When first I met with FANNY
Beneath the chestnut bough.
Her face it was so fair,
The like I'd never seen,
For bright on every feature
Was stamp'd the image, Queen.

Her neck was like the lily,
Her cheeks were like the rose,
Her breath was like the odour
That through the garden flows.
Her face it was so fair, &c.

Her lips were like the crimson
On dew-bent poppy rim,
Her eyes outshone the azure
In which the planets swim.
Her face it was so fair, &c.

Her voice was like the breezes
Aurora's beams refine,
When first I heard its pathos
I thought its force divine.
Her face it was so fair, &c.

Her robes were those which beauty
Weaves on her flowery loom,
And borders with the purple
That tints the apple bloom.
Her face it was so fair, &c.

Two Beamy Eyes.

Two beamy eyes, as black as jet,
By courtesy and favour,
Have near my heart a magnet set,
To prompt its best endeavour.

Each sprightly glow of conquering truth
Comes swath'd in conscious honour,
To radiate the clouds of youth
That flit before the donor.

Through hov'ring mists of damping fears
Dart gleams of vernal pleasure,
Which quiver round the joy-drawn tears
That memory's casket treasure.

To worship 'neath those eyes of jet,
And feel sweet bliss prevailing,
Nor pow'r on earth, nor angel net,
Can draw to such regaling.

A sacred rapture breathes around,
Words fail me in expressing;
While fancy chimes 'tis hallow'd ground,
And begs to share the blessing.

The Sea! The Sea!

The sea! the sea! the trembling main,
On whose smooth brow the breezes sleep;
No breath disturbs the azure plain,
Or moves the surface of the deep.

Swift o'er the tide the steamers run,
Fearless of wreck by wave or wind,
Like painted insects in the sun,
Nor hear the storm that yells behind.

But gales awake, and pierce the clouds,
From whence the bell'wing thunders roar,
Which tear the noble craft to shrouds,
And dash her on the rock-rimm'd shore.

By smiling gales too soon betrayed,
To leave the port and tempt the wave,
That azure plain, where once she played,
Becomes, alas! a gaping grave.

The moral points to life's highway,
When hope looks fair and honours bloom,
To-morrow ushers in decay,
And all is cover'd o'er with gloom.

When Jenny tried her Searching Fires.

When JENNY tried her searching fires,
And all her shafts let fly,
She fill'd my breast with strange desires,
Which stay'd my roving eye.

While melting strains fell from her mouth,
I worshipp'd at her lip,
And thought all harmony and truth,
I eagerly did sip.

But when she moved, the air, the grace,
No mortal could escape,
My eye, in wonder, left her face,
And centr'd on her shape.

Her snowy breast to me bespoke
An innocence within;
Her sunny hair and dapper neck
Made me, alas! more vain.

But neither shape, nor neck, nor face,
Did me so much enthral,
As common sense, that happy grace,
Gave beauty's charm to all.

The Charm of Jean.

TUNE :—"*Of a' the airts the wind can blaw.*"

The golden sun his race has run,
And slowly doth descend,
To rest his edge on Ocean's wave,
Whereon his colours blend;
He lingers, trembling, loth to spoil
The glorious gilded scene,
That melts my soul to fervent glow,
While gazing on my JEAN.

'Tis sweet at evening's hour to stray
Along the sea-beat shore,
To hear the merry sailors' song,
And ancient Ocean roar;
To view the far-receding craft
Glide o'er the billows green,
To watch the stars serenely shine
Above me and my JEAN.

I love to stray through balmy groves
When shades are closing round,
To hear the tinkling waterfalls
Awake their murmuring sound;
This drives away the sombre cloud
That comes our hearts between,
Then fancy has no time for fears,
Her joy exults in JEAN.

A BURNS before has praised his JEAN,
And sung her charms divine,
His might be fairest of the fair,
But not more fair than mine;
Her mind is like the diamond's bed,
By vulgar gaze unseen;
In darkest hour, when troubles roll,
I find a light in JEAN.

The Banks of Tyne.

TUNE:—"*Bonnie Mary o' Argyle.*"

I have heard the blackbird singing
To his nest-mate on the tree,
And the distant echoes ringing
Over mountain, stream, and lea;
I have seen the clover waving
In the buoyant summer breeze,
And the troubled billows raving
On the wild, romantic seas.
But I've felt a throb more joyous
Move this pulsing heart of mine,
In my walks with lovely ANNIE
On the flowery Banks of Tyne.

I have watched the sinking sunlight
Flush with gold the evening sky,
And I've seen the magic moonlight
The cold cheeks of Ocean dye;
But I never felt such pleasure
In creation's fairest charm,
As I've found in hours of leisure,
With my ANNIE on my arm.
Then I felt a throb more joyous
Move this pulsing heart of mine,
In my walks with lovely ANNIE
On the flowery Banks of Tyne.

To Flora.

O! Flora, I have lost my heart,
Smile not to hear me sigh;
If I am right, the fatal dart
Came from your coal-black eye.

Come, Flora love, and give me thine,
How can you see me pine;
Yet, Flora, I'll let mine remain,
If yours you will resign.

But, if with yours you will not part,
I'll try mine own to take,
E'en though the strife may cause a smart,
That both our hearts will break.

Now, if we could make this compact,
Much good might from it flow,
In unison our hearts would act,
And far more fonder grow.

The Maid I Love.

Go round this spacious planet rove,
Bring all the flow'rs that odour shed,
Search every grot, and every grove,
Where Nature hath her bounties spread.

Bring all that's rich, and all that's rare,
And all that's worthy to be known;
Collect from sea, and earth, and air,
From fossil, plant, and precious stone.

Let wonders great with wonders vie,
And latent pow'rs their might dispense;
Let this attract the raptur'd eye,
And that allure the ravish'd sense.

Give me the maid with native grace,
Eliza, come and bless my view;
Then every former beauteous trace
Will vanish like the morning dew.

Annie Grey.

My love has merit in her mould,
And lustre in her eye;
I ne'er beheld in young or old
Nobility so high.

For her I'll climb the mountain side,
For her I'll stem the flood,
For her I'll brave the battle's tide,
And spill my dearest blood.

By night I'll watch her dewy sleep,
And o'er her bend to pray;
Within my heart's recess I'll keep
Her image night and day.

I'll crown her with the diadem
Of Nature's fondest love,
And wreathe around her brow a gem
Of daisies from the grove.

Already reason's precious dower
Her lettered mind sustain,
While deep, inverted, cheering pow'r
Rich trophies for her gain.

But often youth's accomplished smiles
Makes innocence its prey;
Full soon I found her spendthrift wiles
Had led my heart astray.

'Twas thus my fancy painted her
With young untutor'd hand,
When flutt'ring love began to stir
Its richly gilded wand.

In scorn she turned her eyes aside,
On other joys to stray,
Though in convulsing grief I cried
I'm dying, ANNIE GREY.

The Banks of the Wansbeck.

I [illegible] I [illegible] to tell
When away in a day [illegible]
Where in the hill and in the dell
I [illegible] the bliss of a happy spell
On the mossy Banks of the Wansbeck.

Full blithe we were as birds at play
Among green trees that sunny day
When [illegible] their chaun all the way
To the height [illegible] of a lover's lay
On the mossy Banks of the Wansbeck.

By castle wall and new-mown hay
Our hearts keeping time as away
Love's sweet devotions did we pay:
While he crooned in a amorous play
As we tripped the Banks of the Wansbeck.

Now loitering by the sullen stream,
Which lay the town and us between,
Wishing the hours had longer been
To enjoy the pleasures of the green
And enchanting Banks of the Wansbeck.

No prying eye's intrusive stare
Disturbed our peace with wanton glare,
Nor sting of sorrow found we there,
For everything was bright and fair
That day on the Banks of the Wansbeck.

To Jane.

I have whispered thy name to the wind, JANE,
And folded it close to my soul;
The tears that you shed I've enshrined, JANE,
For a keepsake in memory's bowl.

Just a single taste of your lips, JANE,
Or a glance from your glowing eye,
Would a world of pleasure eclipse, JANE,
To the wretch who breathes but to sigh.

I could die in the bliss of your breast, JANE,
Like a floweret new culled from its stem,
Or sink like a star in the west, JANE,
Some other horizon to gem.

Is thy bosom still open for me, JANE?
If so, to its banquet I'll come,
To bask in its innocent glee, JANE,
Where else can I find such a home?

O! spare me the pledge of your smile, JANE,
'Twill banish despair from my mind,
And act like the sun in April, JANE,
That lightens the wing of the wind.

The ruddy carnations that rise, JANE,
To damask thy downy, fair cheek,
With the charms that flash in thine eyes, JANE,
A passionate witchery speak.

I wish I was wedded to thee, JANE,
To lose my existence in thine,
How cheerful and happy I'd be, JANE,
If once I could say thou art mine.

Sweet joy would flow evenly then, JANE,
And peacefulness hallow our life;
O! answer the quest of my pen, JANE,
And say that thou wilt be my wife.

A Young Maid to her Lover.

'Twas a fine autumn eve, the sun was declining,
And gilding the hills with a garment of gold,
I saw a fair maid o'er a wicket reclining,
By a relic of history, hoary and old.
Around her the chestnut leaves, faded and yellow,
Were silently dropping from off the spread tree,
And she sang in sweet voice, pathetic and mellow,
O! why does my lover not hasten to me.

I gazed on her charms so rarely enhancing,
And challenged the pow'rs who were ruling above;
To name me a creature so pertly entrancing,
Or that is more worthy a young gallant's love.
For naught could compare with the thrilling emotion,
And soft perturbation that swell'd in my breast;
The sight that I breath'd in my ardent devotion,
For her who bent over the wicket to rest.

And now though the winds of misfortune are roaring
O'er life's rocky summits, thro' valley and tree,
That charming young maiden I still am adoring,
For she's a sweet garden of pleasure to me.
O! fresh on her cheek smile the new blowing roses,
Love blinks like the sun from her luminous eye
And deep in her bosom a fragrance reposes,
Much richer than odours on lilies which lie.

Love Song.

I knew not what whim had his fancy possest,
Whether friendship, or love, or a butt for a jest,
With these words I besought him his meaning to test.

In the mirror of truth let your feelings be known,
For fancy is wayward, impulsive, and prone,
To reap in the fields where it never has sown.

Bring all your affections and innocent glee,
And meet me to-night 'neath the old spreading tree,
That grows by the side of the sleepless blue sea.

And if ever young love had a skirmish with fun,
In all the enjoyable battles he's won,
I will prove him down there in a magical run.

He came, and I watched for a proof of his art,
And his power to subdue when most guarded the heart,
But my armour was vain 'gainst his sharp-pointed dart.

For when to the trysting tree my lover came,
What joy fill'd his heart. O! it wanted a name,
He triumphed in mischief, while I bore the blame.

Then these exquisite flirtings enhanced my delight,
Till the golden-wing'd moments grew swift in their flight,
And forced us to part on the verge of the night.

An Old Maiden's Song.

Hurrah! oh! hurrah! for an old maiden's life,
She's a fool who is bound to act as a wife;
I've no one to vex me or rob me of ease,
I worship myself, and I live as I please.

I go where I like, and come back when I choose,
I've no will to obey, no tongue to abuse;
I chide, or applaud, or make love to the cat,
And enjoy to the full my innocent chat.

My cottage is orderly, peaceful, and clean,
And seldom beyond its trim precincts I'm seen;
The gossips around me I carefully shun,
So they say that I'm out of the realm of fun.

The novels I read now are transcripts of truth,
All printed with tears in the heyday of youth,
When tides of emotion were urgent and wild,
And the serpent deceit on womanhood smil'd.

My heart is a tomb where the old lovers lie,
With these I'll commune till the day that I die;
And I swear by the love they lavished so free,
No more shall the world's song captivate me.

A Virtuous Cottage Girl.

Within a woodland shade remote
  Stands dear ELIZA's dwelling,
And whispering gales her praises float
  On winged anthems swelling.

She's tender, gentle, young, and sweet,
  Beyond my pen's portraying,
The very music of her feet
  A sense of joy's conveying.

The warbling lark that wakes the morn
  With soft melodious singing,
The blackbird whistling from the thorn
  ELIZA's name are ringing.

The thoughts that haunt the realms of joy
  Where youthful fancy's wheeling,
The qualms of care that love employ
  My dear ELIZA's feeling.

A kindly candour gilds her face
  With truth that's well worth knowing,
And in her tranquil eyes I trace
  A chastened fervour glowing.

She stands in virtue's sacred beam
  Like blest perfection shining,
Serene as angel in a dream,
  With hope about her twining.

A conscious love that owns no guile
  ELIZA's soul is filling,
While simple peace's radiant smile
  This heart of mine is thrilling.

To her Gracious Majesty the Queen.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE JUBILEE OF HER REIGN.

VICTORIA, our Empress Queen,
Illustrious thy reign hath been;
Descent and honour bless the day
Your ancestors assum'd the sway.
The Noble Prince who won thy heart
Shew'd quite as great and good a part;
Your lives were music set to verse,
Which Europe failed not to rehearse.

When little children's pattering feet
Did through the corridors repeat
To trance your Royal listening ear,
And meeken joy with care and fear.
O! what a blissful home was thine,
Each full orb'd grace did round it shine,
Till death's cold, sullen, woeful dart
Enshrined thee in thy people's heart.

'Tis well to suffer and to feel
The sacred touch of sorrow's steel;
This sanctifies the soul in youth,
And sweetens sympathy with truth.
E'en so the sorrows of our Queen
Have made her widowhood serene,
And borne an eloquent degree
Of sublimated majesty.

Long may you sit on England's throne
To dictate counsel unto men;
And methodise for their advance
Up freedom's path of excellence.
Through all thy character is seen
The woman, mother, friend, and Queen;
Wielding the golden sceptre, love,
Raised first within the courts above.

To-day your standard floats unfurl'd
In chaste dominion o'er the world;
While trophies of your glorious toils
Are held as consecrated spoils.
Our souls bound forth in throbs of glee
To hail thy welcome Jubilee;
And music waits on ardent wing
The triumphs of thy reign to sing.

Sacred Songs.

To the Memory of Mary White,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON 12TH OCTOBER, 1887, IN THE 77TH YEAR OF HER AGE.

"The work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of righteousness is quietness and assurance for ever."

Shade of affection, kind, and dear,
Removed to realms of endless light;
Through suffering oft, and sorrow here,
You had to wage life's sanguine fight.

Thine eye of faith which scaled the hills,
Where fall the luscious dews of grace,
And flashed out o'er the heavenly rills
That human sense can never trace,

Now revels in the pleasing view
Of angels robed in shining white,
And basks along the avenue,
Where GOD's own glory shoots the light.

Preserve, O! grave, within thy gloom,
The sleeping atoms of her dust,
Till CHRIST shall ope the narrow room,
And wake again the sacred trust.

Ye stars of peace, with steady ray,
Watch well, and guard her hallow'd bed;
Watch till yon sun and moon decay,
And CHRIST recalls His sainted dead.

In Memoriam of Elizabeth Tunnah,

WHO DIED 16TH APRIL, 1886, IN THE 78TH YEAR OF HER AGE.
MOTHER OF A LARGE AND INFLUENTIAL FAMILY.

All earthly hopes and earthly fears
  Entwined round joy parental,
Intensified by anxious years
  Clad in love's three-fold mantle;
Corroding trials sanctified,
Meek prayers heard, and patience tried,
  Accepted now before the throne.

When bow'd beneath affliction's rod,
  She bore its grief submissive,
Her heart was stay'd upon her GOD,
  Her spirit calm and passive,
Like one who basked on virtue's height,
Beneath sweet glory's mellow light,
  Well strengthened for life's duty.

Now freed from trouble, care, and sin,
  In robes of shining brightness,
Fair Zion's courts she stands within,
  Immutable in whiteness;
The choicest honours gain'd below,
Such rare delights can never show
  As grace her brow now glorious.

Redemption's price for her is paid,
  She wears a crown immortal;
Those ashes in the grave we laid
  Will yet cross Zion's portal;

Beside the flowing brooks of joy,
She walks in peace without alloy,
In realms of holy beauty.

Ye mourners wipe away your tears,
Refrain from further grieving,
Behind the darkness light appears,
Lift up your eyes believing;
Soon tribulation's rolling tide
Into eternity will glide,
Prepare your souls to meet her.

In Memoriam.

REFLECTIONS AT THE GRAVE OF MY MOTHER, MAY 10TH, 1886.

Awake recollection, thy harp chords are ringing,
A strange flood of sorrow swells over my soul,
The long buried memories around me are springing,
Whose upwelling surgings I cannot control.
Too great those emotions for mortal revealing
In the eye of this grovelling world's cold gaze;
They come like the segments of moonbeams soft stealing
Through deep foliaged glens of the forest's wild maze,
With their sharp glancing dart,
Thrilling straight to my heart,
To illumine each cell with their sacred rays.

The heart that throbbed fondly to me its best blessing
I see laid to rest in the dolorous grave;
Those lips that the Father so oft was addressing
To smoothe me a way o'er life's dark frowning wave.
The eye that once shone with the essence of kindness
Lies dim in the cold sombre palace of death,
Asleep with the dust in the chamber of blindness,
Till the Saviour returns and gives a new breath;
When the ransomed shall rise,
With her multiplied joys,
To walk with the Lord in the heavenly path.

Alas! the short years are so swiftly revolving,
Hoar death is for ever abroad on the wing,
Some one every day the grand secret is solving,
Soon all the redeemed in bright glory will sing,
Whose robes have been washed in the sin-cleansing fountain,
Whose names are engraved in the book of the Lamb.

Who Himself paid the price on Calvary's mountain,
And freely invites all his followers home,
When their trials shall cease,
As they stand forth in peace,
To get their reward in the kingdom to come.

While those hallowing thoughts in my bosom were glowing,
Embalmed with the perfumes of lingering love,
And my spirit in reverence to heaven was bowing,
An angel was sent from the mansions above.
Relieving my heart from its sorrowful sobbing,
And opening the kingdom of hope to my view,
My mind leapt aloft from its anguish and throbbing,
With a transitive joy I ne'er before knew.
Thus my thoughts soon were lost
In the blood-ransomed host,
Arrayed in white robes that will ever look new.

Many shall be purified, made white, and tried.

TUNE:—"*The Lion of Judah.*"

O! once we were traitors to virtue and GOD,
Ignoring the Saviour, and slighting His blood,
All strangers to purity, valour, and faith,
And meriting naught but the sentence of death.

Till CHRIST by His SPIRIT our stony hearts cleft,
And deep in their centre His love compass left,
To charter our course over life's wavy main,
Through gales of adversity, trial, and pain.

The sun never shone from his amber gilt bower,
With such an effulgence of splendour and power,
As the glory that dawns on each favourite one,
For whom the Redeemer did suffer and groan.

How blest were the breathings of triumph which fell
From Him when He conquered temptation and hell;
"'Tis finished," the Judge of the World did cry,
I've opened a pathway to glory on high.

When the light of the sun grew languid and pale,
The face of its dying Creator to veil,
The Heavens grew black, and the solid rocks rent,
For wrath on the Lamb its full vengeance had spent.

Once more the Redeemer shall shake earth and sky,
The mountains of Israel, majestic and high,
Shall vanish like mist 'neath the touch of His feet,
As soon as His blood-ransom'd Church is complete.

But meanwhile our lamps of affection we'll burn,
To lighten the path for the ransomed's return;
We'll gird up our loins with new ardour to love,
And tell the benighted CHRIST reigneth above.

Finis.

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